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Vol. 20 No. 7
£1.20

007th HEAVEN

BARED!

The beauties from the new Bond film

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MAYFAIR
Incorporating King
Telephone number: 01-242 1593
95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ
Vol. 20 No. 7
ABC net paid circulation 355,118

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Cover model: Joanie Allum
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Model(s):

- Alice Cooper | thread
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- Debbie Jordan
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- Felicity Harrison | thread
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- Joan Burgess
- Mandy Jane Harvey | thread
- Suzi Chang, GotM | thread
    1. post
- The Bond girls:
    - Angie Lyn
    - Caroline Hallett
    - Gloria Douse
    - Helen Smith | post [partial]
    - Nike Clarke
    - Sian Adey Jones
    - Terri Johns

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Alice

PHOTOGRAPHED BY PETER FLODQUIST

When photographer Peter Flodquist discovered Alice Cooper working in a Norwich wine bar, it didn't take him long to persuade her to pose for us, specially when he suggested that Morocco would be the ideal setting for her 34-24-35 figure. 'One of my boyfriends reads *Mayfair*, and I often look at his copy,' said Alice, 22, 'but I didn't expect to appear in it personally.'

Alice plans to spend her model fee on a spree in London. 'I'm Norfolk born and bred, but London is such an exciting place to visit with all those wonderful shops. And the nightlife is amazing. It's a good job I don't live here or I'd never get to bed,' When she is not working, Alice likes to relax with her paints. 'I prefer oils because they look so dramatic, and I do mainly portraits of friends.' A talking point in Alice's cottage is her self-portrait which hangs in the living room. 'It's a nude, and I did it from a photo taken by a boyfriend. I love to see people's reactions to it, specially the looks on their faces when they realise it's really me. Sometimes their jaws just drop open.'

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Joan

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
INGO HARNEY

The military game of survival is fast catching on in England. Taken very seriously, it is like an army exercise where combatants use weapons which fire paint rather than bullets. Of course it would have been far too distracting for the troops to plant a naked girl in their midst and start taking photos, so we waited until their manoeuvres were over before 21-year-old Joan Burgess started hers. With a 33-24-34 figure that would make any soldier stand to attention, Joan decided that a *Mayfair* photo-session was the ideal opportunity to show off her collection of military memorabilia. 'I'm hooked on army gear, and have items from all over the world,' she told us with pride.

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A trainee computer programmer from Leeds, Joan paraded herself in a manner that could make any officer forget he was a gentleman, specially the sight of that pert little bottom when she demonstrated how to creep up on the enemy. Then when she snuggled up in her sleeping bag even the crustiest colonel would have quite happily joined the other ranks for the pleasure of her company in field exercises. After our photographer Ingo Harney had finished snapping away, Joan went off to join her comrades in arms to discuss the mission, and console those who had been 'killed in action', and who bore the tell-tale splatters of well-aimed paint to prove it.

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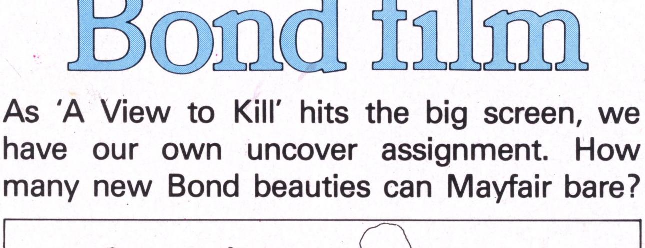
007th HEAVEN

The beauties from the new Bond film

As 'A View to Kill' hits the big screen, we have our own uncover assignment. How many new Bond beauties can Mayfair bare?



*Bond's new birds: **1,** Caroline Hallett; **2,** Sian Adey-Jones; **3,** Nike Clarke; **4,** Teri Johns; **5,** Helen Smith; **6,** Gloria Douse; **7,** Angie Lyn.*

Helen Smith

Bond is back, and soon his latest adventure, *A View to Kill*, will be playing to packed cinemas all over the country. The new film, starring Roger Moore, is full of beautiful girls – and one of the prettiest has to be 20-year-old Helen Smith. Helen, a popular *Page Three* pin-up, makes her screen debut in a scene filmed at Ascot race course where Bond is watching a leading industrialist he believes may be leaking secrets. For this appearance the Midlands beauty's 36-25-35 charms will be demurely hidden, but for her first starring role in *Mayfair*, we've uncovered secrets of another type.

Helen, who hails from Keresley in Coventry, is a number 007 herself. She is the youngest of seven children, the other six of whom are all boys. Doubtless, the whole family will turn up to see her on screen. The results of her filming have to be more successful than a recent modelling assignment. Helen was flown to Barbados to be photographed for an advertisement. Unfortunately it rained all the time she was there – especially unfortunate since it was an ad for sun tan oil. That apart, we're sure her career will continue to blossom, especially if she can keep away from her great passion – eating pizza. *Now turn over and meet even more of the new Bond birds . . .*

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Sian Adey-Jones

Sian, one of the most popular of the *Page Three* girls, now devotes much of her time to acting. The 34B-23-34 beauty from North Wales appears in the scene filmed in Chantilly, France where the villain has a stud farm. The 26-year-old said, 'I was flattered to be chosen. We all want to be Bond girls.'

Nike Clarke

Nike or Nikki (left and below) was born in Dundee just 24 years ago, and has made numerous topless appearances in the newspapers. As well as Chantilly, her pert 36-24-36 figure has led to work in Spain, Greece and Jamaica. Nikki loves animals, and she rescued a puppy in Antigua.

Caroline Hallett

Caroline (right) not only graces the scenery in Chantilly, but the 1985 Unipart calendar shot by Lord Lichfield, and has appeared in the *Sunday Mirror*. Enemy agents should be warned; she has a pet parrot called Robert Louis Stevenson who does not take to strangers.

Gloria Douse

Gloria (right) can also be found in the new film's Chantilly scene. It's no secret that her slim figure measures 34-22-34, the top half, at least, has been spied in the *Daily Star*.

Angie Lyn

George Best's buddy, Angie Lyn (below), joins Helen in the Ascot scene of *A View to Kill*. Angie, now a blonde, has a superb 34-24-36 figure, and loves night clubs.

Terri Johns

The girl that got away! Terri's agents, *Crawfords*, tell us that she doesn't do nude or topless modelling. But we are not ones to bear a grudge. Good luck with your acting career, Terri, and if you ever change your mind, call us . . .

Suzi

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JEAN ROUGERON

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'Hello, and where do you come from?' That's always the first question whenever 18-year-old Suzi Chang meets somebody for the first time. Her reply is immediate. 'Wimbledon,' she says, and smiles as they raise their eyebrows in surprise. It happens every time, but Suzi has lived in SW19 for so long now that she has almost forgotten her more exotic birthplace. 'I was born in a small village in Malaysia,' she tells us and anybody else who presses the point. 'But we left when I was two, which is over 16 years ago.'

Malaysia is such a distant memory that Suzi is even slightly embarrassed by her oriental surname. 'Everyone thinks I run a take-away or a laundry,' she said with a giggle, in an accent that owes more to south east England than far east Asia. In fact, 34-22-33 Suzi works as a dental assistant for a private practice in central London. There she does her best to cheer up some of the more cowardly patients. 'Once I had one man who wouldn't let go of my hand,' she recalled. 'I had to stand beside him for three extractions.'

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One of Suzi's rare concessions to her far eastern birthplace is her taste in clothes and art. 'I do like printed silks, and wear then whenever the English weather allows,' she said. And her flat has been decorated with pieces brought back when her parents have

returned to Malaysia on holiday. Fortunately for us, Suzi much prefers Western men. 'It may sound conventional,' she said, 'but I find a slim man in a smart suit almost irresistible, especially if he's blond and bearded.' Wimbledon Commuters take note.

As well as searching for slim, bearded blonds, Suzi enjoys eating out. But don't invite her for a Malaysian meal, her tastes are much more robust. Give her a deep pan pizza at *Grunts* in Covent Garden, and she is much happier. How does her figure survive? 'I jog around Wimbledon Common every morning,' she told us. You can't miss her, she wears a bright red tracksuit. 'But you'll have to get up pretty early . . .'

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MAYFAIR'S
GIRL OF THE MONTH
SUZI CHANG

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MAYFAIR'S
GIRL OF THE MONTH
SUZI CHANG

Debbie

PHOTOGRAPHED BY ED ALEXANDER

When you're four feet eleven inches tall with a 34DD-23-33 figure, you are bound to get noticed. One girl who thoroughly enjoys the attention is 24-year-old Debbie Jordan. Debbie, who was born in Durham, and still retains a north-eastern accent, now lives in Crouch End in north London. She started modelling just over a year ago when she answered an advertisement for models in *Ms London*, and has since appeared in magazines and on a video cover.

Debbie, you may be surprised to learn was a late developer. 'At seventeen, I was still happy with my 32As,' Debbie told us. 'Then one night – pow! There they were.' Now Debbie's figure is as bouncy as her personality, and whether it's choosing to make her *Mayfair* debut in a pair of eccentric holed fishnet tights or travelling the world doing a series of unusual jobs, she revels in being outrageous. In Corfu, she worked as a DJ in a club, despite having no previous experience, eventually being taught by an ex-BBC man. In France, she sold doughnuts on the beach very successfully. 'I think it was because of the two big doughnuts joggling *over* the tray,' she joked. In the Alps, she was stranded at the top of a mountain by a man when she rejected his plea to be her sugar daddy.

Back in this country, Debbie tells us that her principal hobby is drinking and having a good time. She says that she loves the lively pubs in the East End, her favourite being *Tipples* in Bethnal Green. She also helps out with the roadying for a friend's band. Her other interest is weight training, and has all the equipment at home. At present she can lift 88lbs on the bench press. 'I don't bother with the chest expanders,' she laughed. Debbie's ambition in life? 'To be five feet tall, even if it means buying a rack.' Her current boyfriend is six foot.

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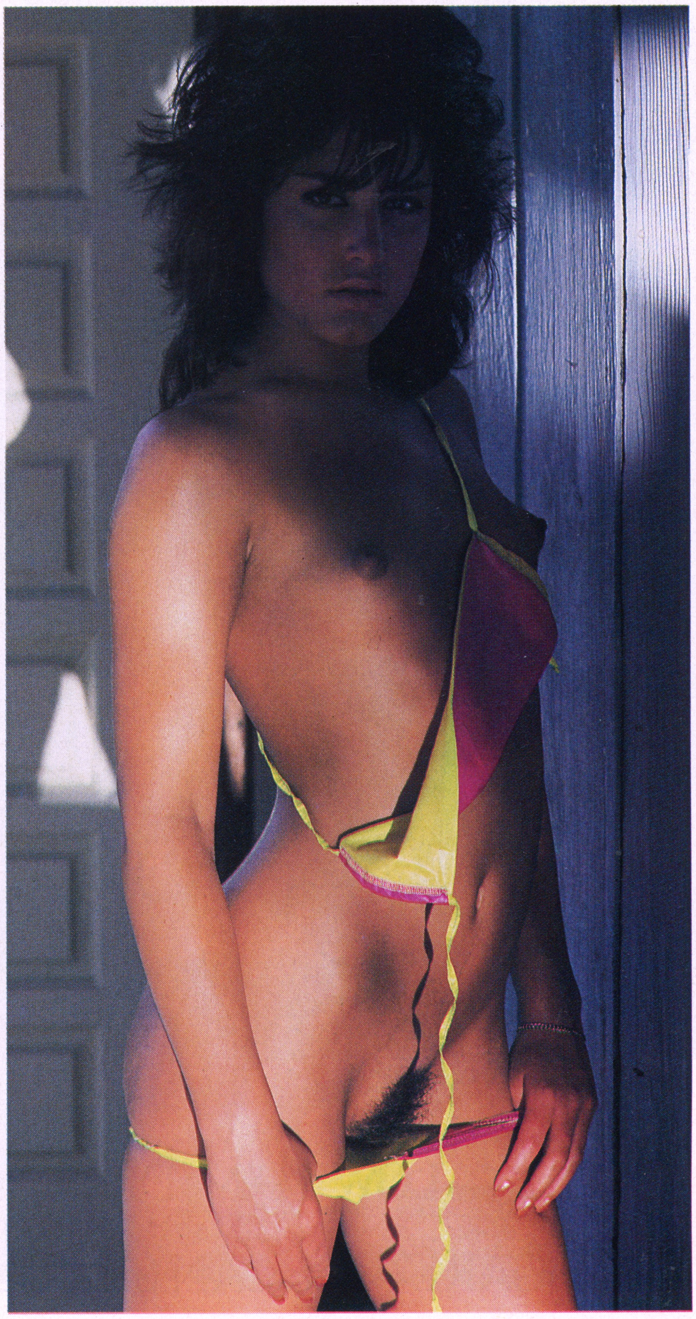
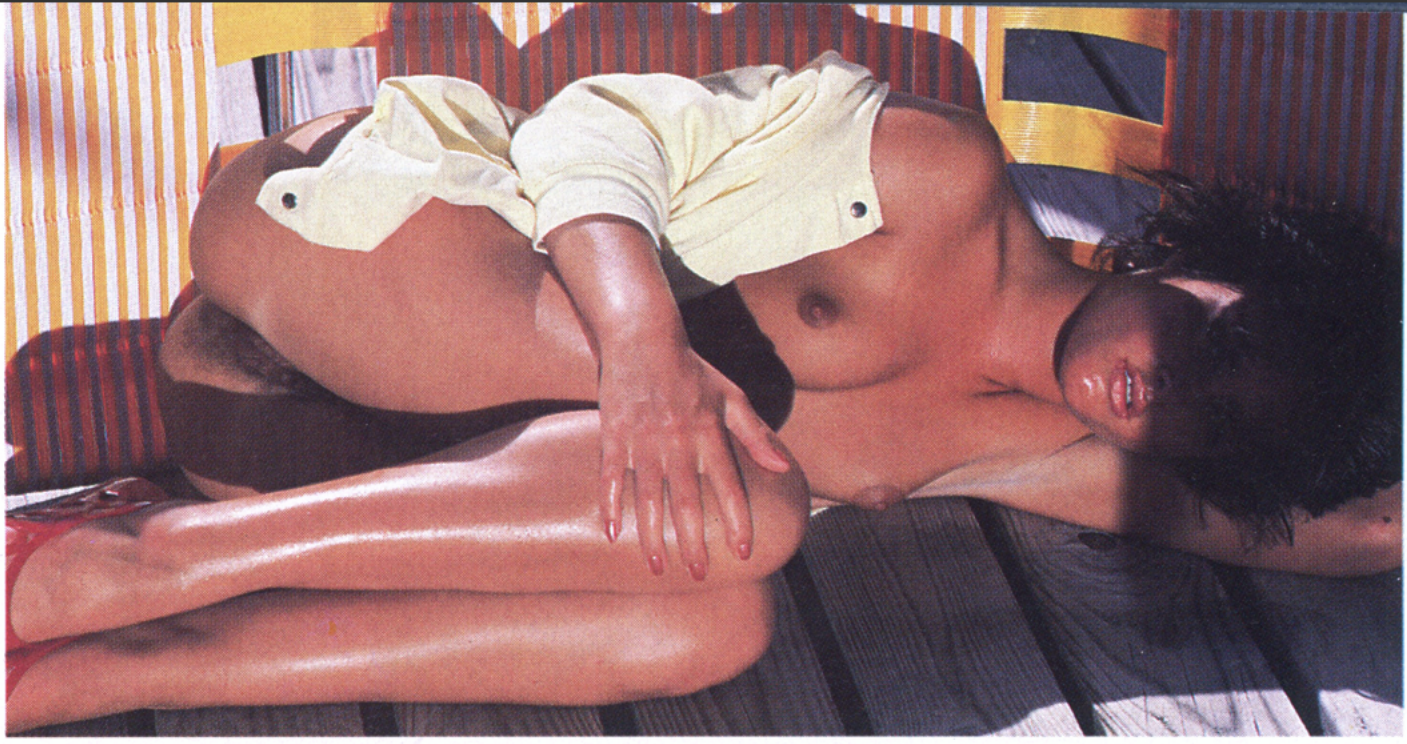
Felicity

PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHAEL MOORE

With her languid looks and relaxed attitude to life, 23-year-old Felicity Harrison doesn't give the impression that she is a very wealthy girl with investments in the six-figure bracket. But since she came of age and inherited the stocks and shares left to her by a rich aunt, our dark-haired beauty has lived a life of luxury, travelling wherever the fancy takes her, and sunning her lithe 34-22-34 figure in tropical parts the rest of us cannot reach. 'But that's coming to an end soon,' she explained. 'I am going home to London to study law at university. I've always wanted to be a solicitor because I am fascinated by the workings of the law. But I promised myself a two-year world tour first before I knuckled down to work.'



'I hope I don't come across as a sort of Hooray Henrietta, because I'm not. I realise I am very lucky, but I do not think I have been affected by my money. I am still much more interested in a guy's bottom than his bank account.' Even as a little girl Felicity used to dream of travelling the world. 'We had a pile of old *National Geographics* at home, and I used to read them for hours. Now I am visiting all the places I read about.' She was sunning herself in the Virgin Islands when *Mayfair* photographer Michael Moore captured her sensuality on film. 'I was very flattered to be asked to appear in *Mayfair*. My pals at home will get a kick out of it when they hear.'



Not all of Felicity's day is spent sipping cool drinks on a hot beach. She is keeping an extensive diary of her tour, and hopes that it might be published eventually. 'Of course the names will have to be changed to protect the not so innocent. After all, it was great fun making love on a windsurfer in the Indian Ocean, but I doubt if the guy's fiancee would understand.' Travelling round the globe, Felicity has come into contact with men of all nationalities. Is there much difference? 'Not really. Men are the same everywhere, I'm glad to say. They all want the same thing – it's just that some of them are more patient and relaxed than others.'

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The girls you've asked to see

MANDY

PHOTOGRAPHED BY
JOHN ALLUM

Of all the dozens of girls who pass through our pages, we occasionally feature one who strikes such a chord with readers that we keep receiving fan-mail years after her appearance. Such a girl is Mandy Harvey who made her *Mayfair* debut in Vol 16 No 12. Now we are happy to please all the readers who demanded an encore from her. We have tracked down another set of pictures of the Southampton beauty who is now 26. As well as mentioning her rounded 35-24-35 figure, many of you commented on her beautiful eyes. 'She has the sexiest eyes I have ever seen,' said L S of Chester, 'and combined with that lovely face and figure, the effect is devastating.' And when we said that Mandy's great passion in life was fishing, it seems that many anglers fell hook, line and sinker for her.

Mandy told us that she was embarrassed when she cast out, but forgot to cock the reel to release the line, and rod and reel flew into the water. That confession brought in so many offers of advice and fishing tips that our letters file looked more like Anglers Mail. Until then her personal best was a three pound sea bass, but Mandy has not yet told us whether she

has reeled in anything larger. Apart from modelling, Mandy has had various jobs, including being a chambermaid and working as a machinist in a local factory. She also did promotional work for a soul band called Q Tips. Their lead singer, Paul Young, has since become an international superstar, so they obviously made the right choice with our Mandy.

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SCENE

The release of the latest James Bond thriller, *A View to Kill*, has set us off on an uncover assignment of our own. How many of the latest 007 starlets can we bare for you? After much leg-work checking with our contacts and photographers we managed to bring you six of the sexy seven. The one that got away is Terri Johns who according to her agents does not do nude or topless modelling. Perhaps she'll change her mind in the future, and join the ranks of the other stars who have stripped for *Mayfair*. Our 00-Heaven extravaganza starts on page 35.

In our feature The Mysterious Death of Lawrence of Arabia (Vol 20 No 5) we spoke of the controversy surrounding his death in a motorcycle accident. An army corporal claimed he saw two boys on bikes enter a dip in the road at about the same time as a black car going in the opposite direction. Lawrence, on his motorcycle, entered the dip, then the crash occurred. The controversy stems from the fact that the two boys claim they did not see any black car. There were those who had motives for murdering Lawrence, and although an inquest produced a verdict of accidental death, Lawrence's demise is still as enigmatic as his life. Now author Michael Yardley has added more fuel to the debate with his fascinating biography of T E Lawrence, *Backing into the Limelight* (Harrap, £12.95). Mr Yardley was introduced, in 1981, to a man in Dorset whom Mr Yardley was told had been an eye-witness to the accident but had never come forward about it. His description of the accident made it clear that previously published accounts were incomplete. But at a later stage when Yardley tried to contact the man he was first told by a third party 'that the story was not entirely true', and shortly afterwards he received an embarrassed letter from the same person stating that the man 'has never had any conversation with you about this'. The 'eye-witness' said he found Lawrence lying in a pool of blood, appearing to be unconscious. But then he opened his eyes, looked up, brought up his hand, and held out a finger as if to indicate the number one. Then he lapsed back into unconsciousness. A distinguished arab historian told the author that raising a single finger could have been the dying gesture of a Moslem – one finger indicating that there is only one god. But there is the intriguing possibility that Lawrence was trying to communicate something more sinister – perhaps about a black car? Unfortunately it looks as if the real secret of Lawrence's death will never be known.

If that smartly suited City gent sitting opposite you on the train dropped his briefcase and it burst open, there is a fair chance of a pair of knickers dropping out. A recent survey taken to find out exactly what men take in their briefcases, revealed that on overnight trips a staggering 92 per cent carry underwear in them – though whether it is male or female underwear the survey does not make clear! It seems that for most businessmen a briefcase is a status symbol. Almost half of those questioned admitted they regularly carry one for reasons other than business. And next time you see that City gent with his briefcase just think, he might be the one who told the questioners he was carrying a grubby pair of yellow pyjamas.

Don't miss the next issue of *Mayfair* when we'll be running our most exciting competition ever. We're offering you the chance to win a £4,750 motorbike, the 1000cc 4-cylinder BMW K100RT. Top of the fantastic BMW range of bikes, the K100RT is the ultimate super tourer which gives a standard of performance and comfort you wouldn't think possible on a motorbike. BMW are offering this bike in an exclusive competition open only to readers of *Mayfair*. For full details buy next month's issue.

BEST OF MAYFAIR – MAKE UP A FOURSOME TODAY

Our most recent collectors' edition, the *Best of Mayfair No 4*, is crammed with 196 pages of our finest features, hilarious brand of humour and gorgeous girls. We've published 16 of the most beautiful birds, including the nude from *Jaws*, and WRAC officer Roberta Platt-Higgins, in and out of uniform. Order your *Best of Mayfair No 4*, from us today, price £2.50 (including p&p).

Still available to you– our top selling collectors' editions,
Best of Mayfair Nos 1, 2, 3.

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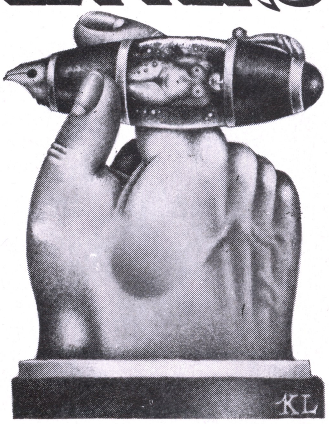
LETTERS



You are invited to add to the controversy and anecdote of Mayfair. *Letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, but if requested this will be reduced to initials and town of origin. All letters will be acknowledged, in a plain envelope, to the address given. Unsigned letters will be discarded.*

Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ.

Jackie St Clair must surely be the most lovely of the *Girls You've Asked to See* you have published for absolutely ages.
I had the pleasure of glimpsing Jackie St Clair and Elisha Scott at the Photoworld exhibition at Olympia, and although the blonde is a really horny piece, Jackie is a real knockout.
Your last spread of her was three years ago. Lets not leave it that long again.
D E, Richmond

Thank you for your stunning pictures of Jackie St Clair. What a lady. Her half-Italian, half-Hawaiian looks have really knocked me out. Lets have more of Miss St Clair before I bust a blood vessel.
R L, Englefield Green

Those photographs of Jackie St Clair were gorgeous. She has the kind of hauntingly beautiful looks any hot-blooded male would dream about, and she positively oozes sexuality.
I have been following her career as a top model, and boast a fine collection of her work. But I must admit you have done her proud with that last spread.
J P, London

As an avid Dutch reader of *Mayfair*, I am well aware that there is no other publication to match yours. I particularly enjoy the letters colum, and until recently always thought that a lot of them came from your readers' imagination. But sometimes reality is much stranger than fiction.
I have been working for a few months in a village grocery store. Since the people in the area tend to be well-off the houses are rather big with huge gardens. One day I got a call from a lady who needed some things but could not come to town because her husband had taken the car. A lot depends on giving our customers good service so I promised to deliver the goods.
When I arrived no-one answered the doorbell so I walked around the house to the back entrance. Just as I came around the corner I spotted the lady. She was lying next to the pool completely naked.
Being a prudent shopkeeper I just had a very quick glance, and immediately returned to my car. I sounded the horn, and walked to the door again. From the garden I heard her calling that she would be there shortly.
A minute or two later the door was opened by an attractive lady in her mid-forties wearing a see-through negligee with only a very small pair of tanga pants underneath. Her tits were large and very clearly visible. When she realised who I was she stepped aside and invited me in. As the entrance was very narrow I had to squeeze past her, and I got a definite impression that she deliberately made me do this so she could rub her tits and belly against her.
In the living room she offered me a beer which I gladly accepted. As she reached over to put the beer in front of me her negligee slipped open offering me an attractive sight of hills and valleys. She followed my gaze, and realised what she was showing. But instead of closing the negligee she simply left it open, and sat opposite me on the couch, crossing her legs.
As we chatted she constantly crossed and uncrossed them until the fabric of her pants had worked its way tightly between her legs hiding very little.
It was obvious what she was after, and although I'm not much of a daredevil I could not restrain myself this time. So I asked whether she wanted to pay the bill immediately or put it on the account. If she wanted to pay now, I told her, she could pay her debts with a closed purse. She understood what I meant, and stood up and simply tossed away her negligee, and asked me how much she owed. I answered: a suck and a fuck. At that she started to laugh, and said she was being overcharged but was willing to open an account with me. After that she undressed me, and gave me one hell of a blowjob. When she had satisfied me in this way we went out to the swimming pool, and relaxed in the sun. Obviously I didn't go back to the shop that afternoon, but stayed with her instead. She is a very versatile lover, and after each orgasm she soon got me going again, something my wife could never achieve.
Since that afternoon she has been one of my best customers. The balance of her account is meticulously kept, and I visit her two or three times a week. It has developed into a handsome deal. For various reasons she doesn't want to leave her husband, and I don't want a serious relationship. But both of us get our sexual needs satisfied.
F A, Holland

This doggerel may sound like bitching,
But really I'm practically itching
For your beautiful sexy young stars
To pose prettily in cut-back bras.
Most of your red-blooded readers agree
That nice boobs should first strain to be free.
Nudest misses end up with bare breasts,
Naked bottoms and quims; my case rests:
Misses posing in *Mayfair* are dreams
Who should strip bit by bit with nice seams
In their stockings, smart shoes, four-inch heeled;
Briefly knickered so their lips are sealed.
And, at least to start off each session,
Pretty boobs could use some compression
In a tight half or quarter cup bra.
Half-stripped girls are more sexy by far,
Pert tits from satin cups protruding,
Breasts tightly uplifted; concluding
In the immortal words of the bard;
Good strip shows start with young ladies bra'd.
M J, Bournemouth

We don't think you'll ever be another William Wordsworth, but lets face it, your subject matter is a lot more interesting than a bunch of daffodils.

My name is Vikki, and my friend Julia (name changed) and I are students at a school of equitation, working for our assistant instructor's certificate. We are both 18. It is a rather upper-crust place, and the horses are all kept in beautiful condition, ceaselessly groomed

turn to page 10

'A five per cent pay rise with four per cent inflation!! Where are you living, Simpson – some kind of dream world?'

LETTERS

continued from page 8

and pampered, and absolutely gorgeous to ride. I enjoy the exhilaration of a spirited horse between my legs, the springiness of a good saddle, and the rhythm of his movements, and sometimes I get very randy.

One hot evening last summer Julia and I had been working late. Everyone else had gone home, and we were tired and sticky, looking forward to changing out of our working jodhpurs and having a cool shower, when Julia gave me a slightly funny look, and said, 'Have you ever ridden a horse with nothing on?' I had often ridden bareback, and thinking that was what she meant I said of course I had. 'No,' she said, 'I mean no clothes, absolutely naked, bare back and bare bum.'

I couldn't believe she was serious. I had fantasised many times about the thrill of galloping away, totally naked, into a sort of sensual paradise on my lovely strong hunter. And I had often secretly enjoyed the particularly intimate sensations of feeling a horse's body moving, clasped between my legs, without a saddle intervening. But always, of course, with my bum safely sheathed in jodhpurs.

'Come on,' Julia insisted, her eyes bright. 'It's a lovely warm night, it's getting dark, and everyone's gone home. Let's take our horses round the paddock.' Julia and I had never before shared our sexy secrets about horses, and I was getting excited.

I agreed falteringly. Our mounts were the two finest horses in the stables, both big supple thorobreds, but rather strong for girls to manage, and we only rode them occasionally as a treat, although we are both good riders, and reckoned we could manage them pretty well. We just put bridles on them.

Then Julia stripped off her blouse, jodhpurs and panties. I'm not in any way a lesbian but I must admit to being very aroused and excited by the sight of a rather pretty, shapely and absolutely naked girl leading out a big frisky black horse. The erotic associations were so overwhelming, and by this time I was feeling fruity and mellow. I undressed too, and felt the warm evening air on my bare skin, thrilling with anticipation.

Bare bum riding: Pauline as she appears in next month's issue.

I led my horse out into the paddock, and Julia gave me a devilish grin. She had never seen me naked before, and I think I must have had the same effect on her. Mounting a big slippery horse without stirrups and saddle is not easy, but eventually we had sprung onto their backs. I can hardly describe the feeling of mounting naked, a warm supple horse's back between my naked thighs. I sunk my pelvis deep into him and gripped tightly with my knees, feeling the rippling of his powerful muscles as he moved on, my vulva and clit teased by the gentle stroking of his soft silky back.

We put our horses through all their usual schooling movements, and without saddle and stirrups you are reliant only on your legs and your crotch to give the commands. The sitting trot was bumpy, but then we got them into the most voluptuous soft canter where you sit with your groin deep into your mount, and rock your pelvis back and forth to keep pace with the movements. These movements are so like the rhythm of sexual intercourse that my libido rose beautifully, and I could feel the rising tide of sensual pleasure on every forward lunge, and my love juices trickling through me from deep inside. Never had I had a horseride like this before.

I caught sight of Julia, her body rocking rhythmically with her horse's springy canter. She was writhing in ecstasy, and was having trouble keeping her seat. I could tell she was in the final stages of her climax, and that it was just going on and on. Mine followed close after, but I had succeeded in putting my horse back into an active rippling walk. This was less energetic than the canter, but gave me a long gentle and voluptuous orgasm. It was the most sensuous feeling I have ever had, and it seemed to go on for ever. I was moaning with intense sexual enjoyment.

We rode naked for nearly an hour, enjoying every form of erotic movement and sensation on our horses. I had three orgasms in all. Then, completely spent, we returned to the stables, dressed, and crept away home.

I have always enjoyed the sensuality of horse-riding, as I know most girls do, disguised by the etiquette of jodhpurs and saddles, but I never dreamed, even in my fantasies, that the pleasure of nude riding could be so exquisite.

Julia and I thought we were keeping this sexy secret to ourselves, but the very next morning two boys came to the stables looking unusually eager, and asking if we could give them some riding lessons. Then they said how much they had enjoyed watching us the night before, and could they come riding naked with us? We went absolutely crimson, but the secret was out. We had a job living it down.

(Name and address withheld)

We're glad you enjoyed the ride. Quite a coincidence, watch out next month for model Pauline who also goes bare-bum riding.

As an overseas reader with stiffening pleasure the letter from Ms C M of Portsmouth in which she told of her delight in having someone making love and caressing her feet. Fantastic. I am a mere male, and would dearly love to read of any female who loves her feet and in particular her toes being sucked, licked, kissed or whatever. Be my guests, ladies.

I first fell in love with the female foot a few years ago when my first wife had the habit of sliding her shoes off under the kitchen table at night when we were eating our meal. Many nights I would deliberately drop my fork or knife to see her gorgeous nylon-clad toes play on the floor or with the heel of her shoe.

Just before we were divorced I talked her into going to the pub with me in a pair of high-heeled shoes with no nylons. Within minutes she was walking round

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EVEN WITH IT'S ENGINE OFF, IT LEAVES OTHER CARS STANDING.

If cars were judged on their looks alone, there'd be little competition for the Lotus Esprit Turbo.
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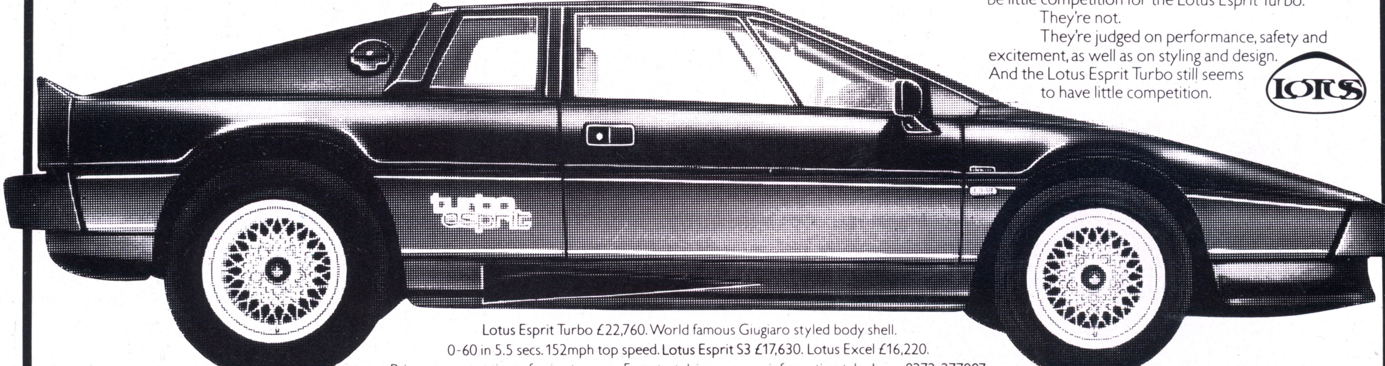
LOTUS



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LETTERS

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the crowded bar in bare feet with her pink-painted toenails on view which drives me crazy. It was not long before she was perched on some guy's lap with another chap fondling her feet. I got an instant hard-on.

After our divorce I met and fell in love with a very much more mature woman who simply loves her feet being tickled, and loves to wank me off with her toes. I find that during sex if I suck and lick the feet of my lover it increases my staying power.

I recently visited my ex-wife, and was amazed to find a film crew at the house. They were making a nylon stocking ad. Her feet were being washed, pedicured, powdered, polished and massaged. Then the producer wanted her to slide a very sheer nylon over her toes, seductively up her instep, over her ankle, knee, and thigh to her naked butt. After doing all that she had to walk through a shallow bath, over a heap of metal, on a bitumen road, rub her foot against a tree, then roughly slide it in and out of a sexy shoe to prove it did not ladder.

You should have seen her feet – were they red and sore. But my cock would have been too if I'd been paid that much for ten minutes work.

Name and address withheld

I think Vol 20 No 6 was one of the best issues ever. The features on the Surrey Puma and the Gordon-Keeble were both very interesting and well presented, and of course the girls were as beautiful as ever.

It was a delight to see 17-year-old Nina now that she is a year older and has matured a little. If anything she is even better looking now than before.

Melissa, Jane and Debbie were also lovely girls, but the highlight for me was 20-year-old Michelle Harper. She is an exquisitely beautiful young girl who oozes sexuality with her pouting lips and sultry brown eyes. Add to this her long golden legs, tight little bottom, beautifully hairy fanny and full round breasts topped by erect nipples, and you have one of the most beautiful girls ever to appear in *Mayfair*.

I would welcome her quick return to the pages of *Mayfair*, specially if you can rectify what was, for me, one small fault. This was the fact that we only saw pictures of Michelle almost or fully nude. I find it much more exciting when a girl wears pretty lingerie. There is nothing more beautiful than seeing the smooth round bottom of a girl like Michelle straining to push out of a pair of tight silk french knickers, or her lovely round tits outlined through a camisole top with her erect nipples threatening to pierce the smooth silk.

R MacDonald, Edinburgh

Point taken. But our photographers are only human, and if you were taking. pictures of Michelle, wouldn't you want to get her clothes off as soon as possible?

I want to thank you from the bottom of my heart for featuring Denise D'Cruz. I think she is the sexiest lady I have ever seen. She is absolutely perfect. I would love to see Denise featured again in the near future, perhaps as *Mayfair's* Girl of the Month.

B E, Nuneaton

One day recently my husband had gone to work, and I had showered and started dressing when the doorbell rang. I shouted down from the bedroom window for them to wait. I always dress accroding to my mood, and on that particular morning I was feeling quite randy so I'd put on a pair of sheer black seamed stockings, black bra and suspender belt. I was at this stage when the doorbell rang, so I quickly put on a button-down dress and my slippers, and went to answer the door.

It was a friend of my husband's, a tall dark Kenyan called George (name changed) who had come to borrow some tools. I invited him in, and made us a coffee. As we sat and talked, I suddenly became aware that in my rush I hadn't put my knickers on. My dress wasn't a mini, but it was short enough to make me be extra careful how I sat. George visited us quite often, so we were quite good friends. He had a habit of coming up behind me in the kitchen, and patting my bottom. And he was always telling me how nice I looked. I am 24, and have a 38-24-36 figure.

As we chatted I suddenly felt rather silly in my fur slippers, so I said I was going to put some shoes on before going out to the garage for the tools. I put on some high-heels, and straightened up my seams, but not in front of George. His habit of patting my bottom had never bothered me, but I had often wondered what he looked like under his clothes.

George followed me out to the garage for the tools, and commented on my seamed stockings, remarking that not many are seen nowadays. I told him that I don't wear them often, but was in the mood for them that day. We collected the tools, and as I bent down to get a hydraulic jack, George came to help me. I felt quite turned on by his nearness and scent. As my husband says I am a flirt, I thought it might be fun to flirt with George as I was in the mood.

The last tool he wanted was on the top shelf, so I asked George to hold the stepladders for me. I climbed them slowly, but he was a gentleman and didn-t look up. My knees were at about his eye level, and when I passed the tool down to him he had to look up. I wasn't sure how much he could see – whether it was just a little leg, stocking top, bare thigh, or the cheek of my bottom. But whatever he saw his eyes danced over it, and he made no attempt to disguise the fact.

I loved it, and wanted more. He helped me down the ladder, and I walked over to the bench. George came up behind me, and did his usual trick of putting his hand on my bottom. I moved a little away, but wanted him to touch me. I turned round, and said it wasn't fair as I should have a right of reply. Keeping my eyes on his I reached out and put my hand on him. I could feel him stiffen in his pants. Then I knelt down and took it out. It looked enormous as I played with it, running my tongue over the tip, and taking it into my mouth.

When I stood up he kissed me, and lifted me onto the bench top, sitting me back on it. He took hold of my foot, and slid his hand up my calf to my knee. George lifted both feet gently till they rested on the bench. My dress had slid up my thighs, and in this position George could see that I was wearing stockings but no knickers. I told him that when he came to the door I'd been dressing, and didn't have time to finish.

George stood back looking at me as I unbuttoned my dress and opened it. He had already removed his trousers, and his big black cock was hard again. I parted my knees, and his hands ran over the silky stockings, caressing the bare flesh at the top of my thighs. He lowered his head, kissing my thighs, running his tongue over the edge of my stockings, up my thigh, then teasing my clit. I wanted him, and he slid me forward. My legs wrapped around him as he explored my pussy with his finger. Then he removed my dress and bra, his big hand cupping my breast and teasing my nipple.

Lifting me down from the bench, he turned me over and entered me from behind. It felt fantastic, and I climaxed almost immediately. Soon after George

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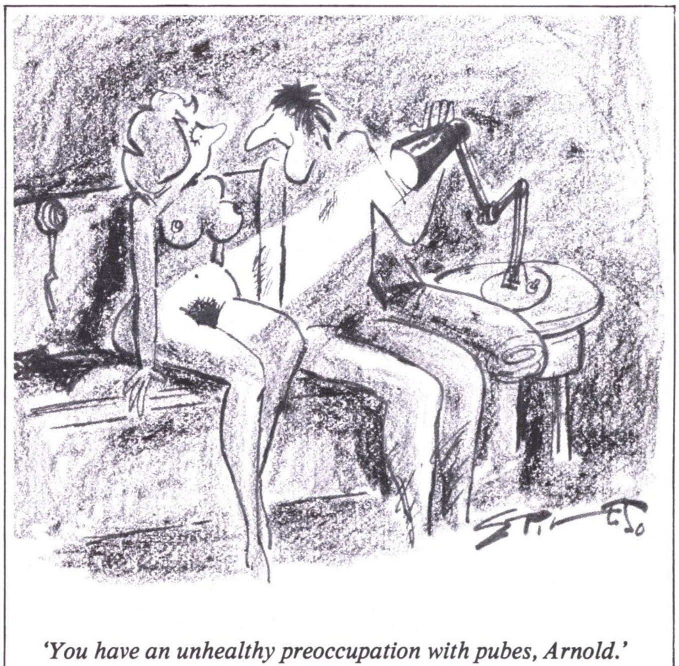

'You have an unhealthy preoccupation with pubes, Arnold.'

LETTERS

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took the tools and left. I felt guilty for a couple of days but I couldn't help thinking how excited I'd been. So I phoned George and asked him to come over the following morning.

I was ready for him when he arrived, waiting for him in the bedroom in my stockings and suspenders and high heels.

When the doorbell rang I shouted for him to come up. When he walked into the bedroom I was on a large sheepskin on the floor which I'd positioned in front of a mirror on the wardrobe door. I was leaning back on my elbows with one knee bent upright, and the other leg lying flat on the rug. My pussy was looking straight at him. It looked really pretty as I'd removed all the hair except for a small dark triangle.

We made love all morning. He would come, then I'd kiss him hard again. It was a great turn on seeing us in the mirror. Since then we have done it twice, once at home, and once in a park on the other side of town. There is no love involved, just sex. When we meet I always wear my black seamed stockings, high heels and no knickers.

(Name and address withheld)

Like many of your readers I have often wondered whether your letters pages are written by people with wild fantasies. But some of my own experiences sound just as fantastic.

Some years ago whilst at training college I had a friend called John (name changed). His wife Michelle (name changed) had one of the most beautiful bodies I'd ever seen, and was always dressed to display it to perfection – mini-skirts and see-through tops etc. She always looked as if she knew what was on my mind.

One day when they called to visit my wife and myself, I happened to be in the bath, and my wife was in bed ill. I answered the door in my robe, let them in, and left them with my wife while I went to finish my bath.

Michelle asked if anyone wanted a cup of tea. I was towelling myself when suddenly Michelle opened the door, and asked how many sugars I wanted.

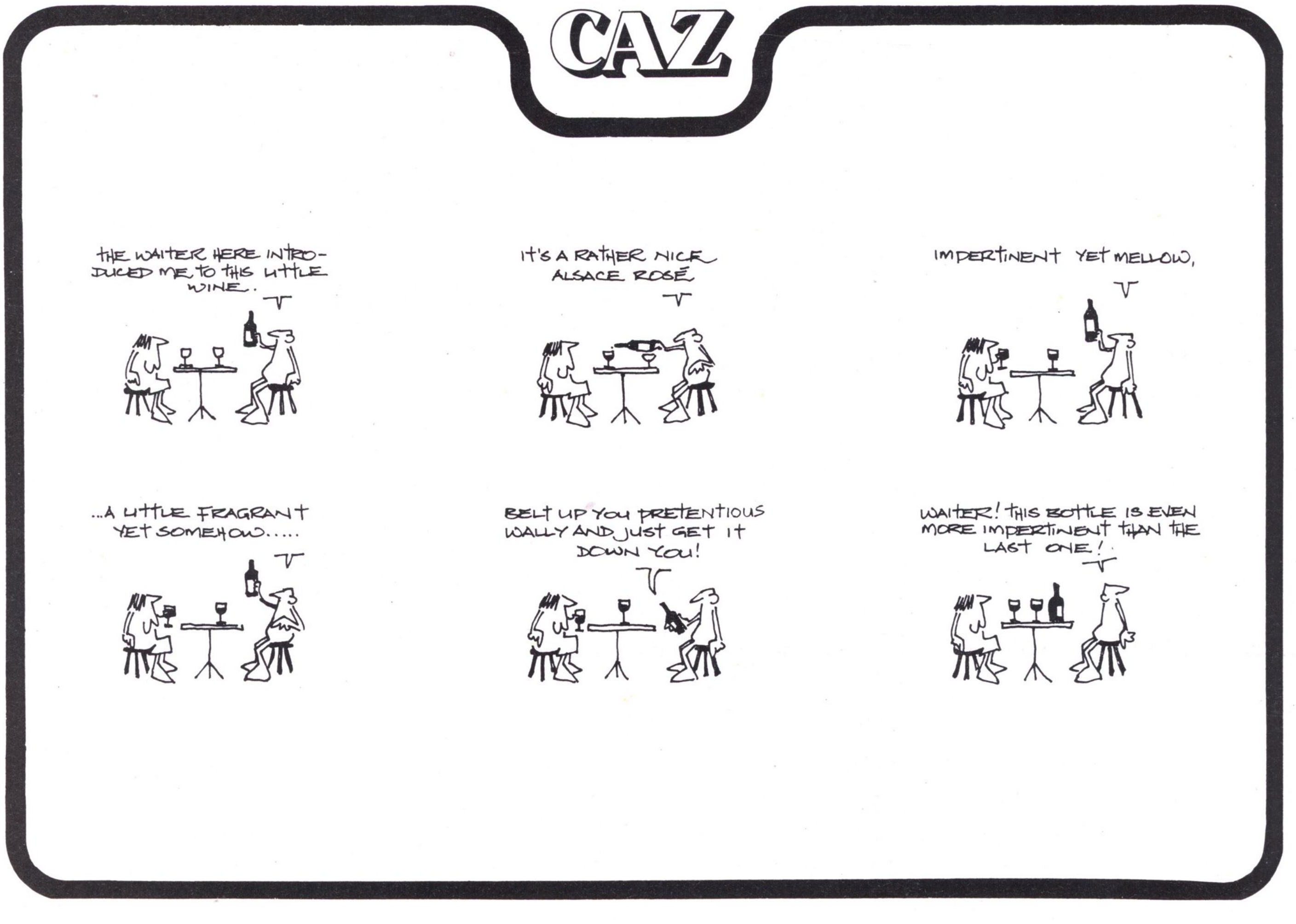
As usual she was wearing a see-through blouse. This, of course, gave me an immediate erection, and I just stood there stuttering. Michelle said, 'Nice. Is it as tasty as it looks?' and I stood absolutely dumbfounded as she sank to her knees, and fellated me to orgasm in about 30 seconds. Apologising, I said given other circumstances my performance would improve. 'We'll see,' she said.

About a fortnight later she phoned to tell me John had gone out for the evening, and would I like to come over and prove myself. Needles to say I was there virtually before she had time to hang up. We slowly stripped each other, and crept upstairs to the bedroom. I started by returning her favour, and found the most delicious fanny I've ever tasted. I soon sensed her nearing the brink, so I slowly entered her, and started a nice slow rhythm.

Suddenly the phone rang. We stopped, and I lay next to Michelle. It was her husband, my friend John. Apparently he was going to be about three hours later than expected. All of a sudden Michelle was up on all fours, indicating for me to carry on. Needless to say I did as she asked, and I found it very erotic to be fucking a woman while she spoke to her husband on the phone. She engaged John in some idle conversation, and I soon climaxed. With a few groans she did as well. Blowing kisses to her husband, she put the phone down. We spent the next three hours constantly at it. Eventually our friendship waned, and I lost touch with them for a few years. Then a few weeks ago I bumped into John, and we went out on a bender. It turned out that like me he was now divorced, and he was able to understand why his wife left him. He allowed her total freedom, he told me, even to the point of phoning her when he knew she had another guy in bed with her. This set me back a bit when he suddenly told me not to worry about it as quite often he was phoning from his girlfriend's house, and, unbeknownst to his wife, sharing the same experience. Since then John and I have become close friends again, this time openly sharing everything.

G B, South London

Your views and comments are welcome. Write to 'Letters', Mayfair Magazine, 95A Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ



It was Betty's delicious secret, and the very thought of it made her writhe with a sensual pleasure. But supposing that man with the large manicured hands shared her hidden desires? She dreamed of offering him her plumply inviting thighs and rump

SLAP-HAPPY AFFAIR

Fiction by George lewis

The thingy on her desk said Elizabeth Gray, and she was red-haired and beautiful, and no less beautiful if you were walking behind her. She had pretended busyness at closing-time so that when everybody had gone she could . . .

. . . stand out of her skirt, drop her panties dismissively into a drawer, then reach out and angle the mirror (if the secretary to the Chairman wanted a full-length mirror, she got it: this one did, anyway) so that she could watch her hands slide caressingly over her belly, hips, her haunches and round to her bottom to slowly palp the soft mounds so vigorously that her fingers left marks for an instant, then down over the nylon that sheathed her shapely thighs . . . dreamily watching, remembering, and when her telephone purred she leaned down and picked it up and sat down, still watching her reflection. Her 'Yes?' was an absent-minded half-whisper as she slowly brought up one glossily-nyloned leg to cross the other high up, narrowing the inverted peak of the triangle of pale rose hair.

'No, I'm sorry, the Chairman is in the States, sir; but if you ring Miss Davis on Monday . . .

'Yes, sir, while I'm on holiday . . .

'Certainly sir – Bond? *Harry Bond*: I'll leave a note for her and . . .

'Berlin, sir . . .

'Thank you, sir: I'm sure I shall. Goodbye, sir.'

She watched herself put the telephone down, watched her hands slide langourously under her shirt-waist to her breasts, was the little movements of the fabric as she began to tease the nipples, then she sprawled back and

ILLUSTRATION BY TERRY PASTOR

swung her foot up and down ... up and down ... moving to the rhythm of her vivid imagination.

Her eyes losing focus, she began to remember last year in Berlin: *He was naked under his dressing-gown, and smelled of spice, and no cane or paddle or anything so it would be a smacking with those big soft manicured hands, a slapping everywhere, one of those lovely dazing handlings that would make her come ...*

The motor that was under the triangle of curly hair was driving her foot to a faster swing now, a bigger arc: *He hadn't waited, no naughty-girl lecture, his thighs and belly warm on my bare skin, then the delicious tantalising feel of the palm of his hand ...*

Her foot was jerking frenziedly now: *Don't stop, sir, please don't stop, don't screw me yet, I'm nearly coming, don't screw me yet, but he'd slewed me round and drawn me backwards onto him, his belly so cool on my hot behind when he drove into me, impaled me oh he split me ...*

The jerking of her foot was manic now, until a final frantic jerk: then her thighs fell open, her hands slid away from her breasts, and there was a faint odour.

She languorously stood, then turned and leaned over her desk, her mirror reflecting her unconsciously offered pose, the back of her well-fleshed thighs, her tempting buttocks as she scribbled, *Harry Bond phoning on Monday.* I could go for a man with a voice like Mr Bond's, she thought. Then she picked up her skirt, and walked into the Chairman's office and his loo.

Under the shower Betty Gray agreed with herself that screwing was complicated for a girl-masochist, but this year again, thanks to that man Erik, she could count on being deliciously, excitingly molested ... he had steered her into a dark corner, and taken her drink and set it on a table, and drawn her breasts out and squeezed and twisted the nipples until she'd had to lock his leg between her thighs. *Is that all you're going to do, can't you take me somewhere*! And in the car he'd made her draw her skirt up at the back so she sat bare, *and keep your knees apart*!

Betty remembered how she'd throbbed to see the cane-marks above the fish-net stockings on the back of the maid's thighs, and how wet seeing the signs had made her, and made her hope that Erik was feeling that she should be disciplined thoroughly: *That was the first time with a ping-pong bat and it had made a lovely slapping sound as well, and he'd used it quickly, tattoo-like and when he put the bat down I was still writhing with coming all the time, then he'd put me on all fours so as to take me from behind, and when he released himself in me it was so marvellous that I sort of lost the place ...*

When the maid had come in she'd asked where was Erik, but the girl had shrugged and said that Madam wanted to see her, and the Madam had been tall and bossy, Betty remembered, and had told her she could stay if she liked, and be introduced to other men who preferred spankable girls.

And in London no one knew, it was all so deliciously secret (if the Chairman had known where his PPS had spent part of her holiday in Berlin!), and when I returned the marks soon faded. Last year being taken to that place had been a fluke, but this year I've arranged it ...

* * *

To see Harry Bond go striding purposefully across the Strand you would have decided that he was a top-level executive thinking of business, especially since he was dressed in a thousand pounds when you included those shoes.

Well, he was a top-level executive alright, but it wasn't business he was thinking about. It was girls. Like for instance that girl at reception, her breasts – it was just as well that his elegant topcoat was buttoned, because his fantasy was getting to him: he'd imagined that she'd whispered, *Would I have to be naughty first, before you put me across your knee*, and it would have shown if his coat hadn't been buttoned.

Yes, alright, a pipe-dream – but he still persisted to himself that some girl, somewhere, would ask him to; a girl for whom having her bottom smacked was essential foreplay. An amateur: for Mr Bond's hang-up was that he was only able to be dominant by amorous invitation.

That was when Betty Gray saw him: he crossed with the lights in front of her in the Strand outside that bank, and she was instantly reminded of a man in that place in Berlin, a well-fleshed man with big manicured hands, hands that slap so – so smackingly, *you feel it all over the cheek his hand came down on, he'd smell of that aftershave too, supposing I asked him if I had to be naughty, first ...* She was moist there suddenly, her thoughts making her lovely face look lewdly kissable. It was as if she shared this handsome, expensively-dressed stranger's thoughts.

Betty was on her way to the airport when she saw Harry Bond, and it was there that he saw her an hour later as she got out of her car, a flash of long nylon then a lovely inviting round of rump as she leaned in for her vanity case. Gulping, he stared. Allured. That glossy red hair that swung to her shoulders, her breasts, high and big and pointing at him, and as she moved away there was the sensuous invitation of her buttocks, outlined so clearly ... his spittle thickened as his mind delivered an instant fantasy of this gorgeous nymph enticing him, *Go on, do it please, go hard so that when you screw me ...*

* * *

In the plane to Paris Harry Bond sat holding a drink for the look of it while he conjured up her breasts again, the rounds of her rump, the showgirl legs, the red hair, the smoky eyes, the full lips ... he even gave her the low, consenting voice of the chairman's PPS. He fantasised that he'd been to an office party, and she'd been there, and when someone had said that a *wife should never hide her husband's whip and that a well-shaped bum with more to come was the bottom line*, and she'd moved close to him and whispered, *Do you want to do it now, there's a storeroom in the basement ...* She became the wife in Stuttgart that time, when his host passed out drunk after showing Harry the cane he'd used on his wife, and when they'd carried him to bed he'd asked her if it was true, and she'd said, *Want to see? And turned and drawn her dress up to her hips, and parted her thighs, and smiled back to him and whispered. But he didn't finish, and to spank a wife without screwing her is like smelling brandy without drinking it ...*

Harry wondered how it would be to have a wife who gave you your drink, and asked what sort of day you'd had, and when she turned away there was her lovely soft tempting bare rump ... or one who carefully stitched together a hide glove *because it's stingier than just your hand ...*

Harry Bond found he was sweating.

* * *

In her plane to Berlin the girl he was dreaming about sat sideways in her seat so that she could lock her thighs, and swing her foot, and think about that man at Heathrow: *How intently he was watching me, my bottom, I could sense his gaze even when I turned away. Would you like me to show you, sir— I'm the kind of girl who doesn't have to be*

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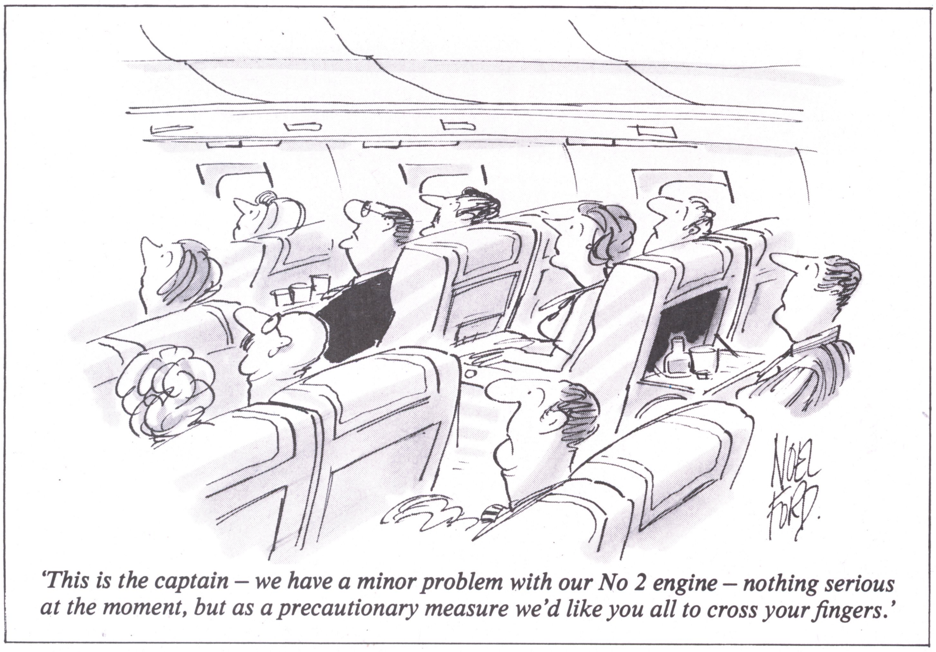


'This is the captain – we have a minor problem with our No 2 engine – nothing serious at the moment, but as a precautionary measure we'd like you all to cross your fingers.'

Slap-happy Affair
continued from page 20
naughty to enjoy getting a good going-over where I sit down. I wonder if he's thinking of me just now, thinking of getting his hands on me the way I'd love him to . . . her foot was still steadily jerking up and down, her eyes were unfocused now. *Or that Italian who wanted an unmarked girl, and watched while the Madam used her cane on me, and they could tell what was happening from the way my legs quivered, from the way I parted my thighs, and stuck my bottom out for the Madam's attention until he dismissed her, and fell on his knees, and kissed and kissed along every line . . . a trickle-charging of my desire so that when he'd laid me on the bed, just entering me triggered that lovely bomb of ecstasy to burst in my brain, and I fell off the earth* . . .
She suddenly uncrossed her legs, and sat up and reached for her magazine, telling herself to watch it. But the print stayed blurred . . . *supposing a man like that man at Heathrow, the man who'd eaten me with his eyes* . . . her breasts tingled and felt swollen as she remembered how he'd looked at them . . . *supposing we were married, and he knew I had to have it* . . .

* * *

In Berlin, in the room at her hotel – suitably modest, as became a young lady on holiday – Elizabeth Gray unpacked, and had a shower before going down to the dining room. *But telephone first, to make sure*: 'Yes,' the Madam said, 'We expect you about ten tonight.'
So plenty of time: half a bottle of Chablis and *strega* with her coffee . . . then she went up to get her vanity-case, and smilingly told reception that she would return in a few days. She walked to the place that Erik had told her about.
The maid was plump and petite, a kewpie doll, her scrap of apron making her look all the nuder. She led Elizabeth to a room where the Madam was waiting to introduce a tall thin man who was totally bald.
He drew her skirt up, and her panties down only far enough to reveal six inches of soft smooth rump, and used a hair-brush – which was alright with Betty except that he lasted only for six pats before suffering involuntary emission.
But there were others . . .
That night, soothed in mind, and her body tingling, she fell into bed, and slept round the clock.

* * *

Just as Miss Gray had booked into an hotel in Berlin as a front, so did Mr Bond in Paris – a company hotel, incidentally, plushily suitable for a top-level executive – but he stayed only to unpack one of his bags, and have a drink and shower and change and have a drink – he was on holiday – and dine. And think how marvellous it would be if that gorgeous redhead was sitting opposite. Then he went up for the other suitcase, and told reception that he would be away for a few days.
Where Harry Bond went was to an extremely expensive hotel – in fact it was the sheer *cost* of a visit that took it out of the brothel class – where you name it, and you can have it. But for a client to leave the same day as he came was frowned upon. Only the Madam knew that Mr Harold Bond owned the place; through a holding company.
Harry enjoyed staying where every girl he saw was available, even the maids – in fact especially the maids: like the girl who'd been tidying his bed when he walked in, and she had stayed bent over, smiling back to him and easing her legs apart when Harry drew her skirt up . . . she had thanked him twice, once as he wiped the end on her soft buttock, and again when he paid her. But Harry never yielded to the temptation to spank. He knew he could have enjoyed himself that way on any and all of the girls, including the Madam – *for a price*. Which was what killed it for Harry – to nice Harry, for a girl to accept a man between her thighs for money was bad enough, but to sell her backside for a spanking . . . the thought revolted him. But if one of those girls had asked for it . . .

* * *

Elizabeth Gray felt pleasantly sated as her plane slid down to Heathrow, going over in her mind the days and nights of lovely ravishment, the screwings always a bullseye because of her heated rump . . . yet strangely, it was that expensively-dressed handsome businessman she'd fleetingly seen at the airport who had stayed in her thoughts, who had been all the men who had handled her . . .

* * *

Harry Bond felt titillated rather than sated as his plane followed the Berlin plane down – because he'd had everything except a girl who wanted him to smack her bottom. Oh, there'd been moments, like the time he had to go to the lawyers about an offer for the hotel, and he'd been trapped in the lift with this girl in a sari who smelled like a perfumery who'd taken his hand, and pressed it there, and hardly before he'd realised, her fingers had nimbly unzipped him, and she'd breathed, 'Queek!' and had him against the wall of the lift, and screwed him with urgent hunger . . . but supposing it had been that lovely red-headed girl . . . he would have felt those gorgeous breasts pressed against him as she rode him . . . and imagine, if she had a voice like that PPS . . . soft consenting . . .
Well, he hoped he'd see her tomorrow afternoon when he kept his appointment with the Chairman, even try for a date maybe . . .

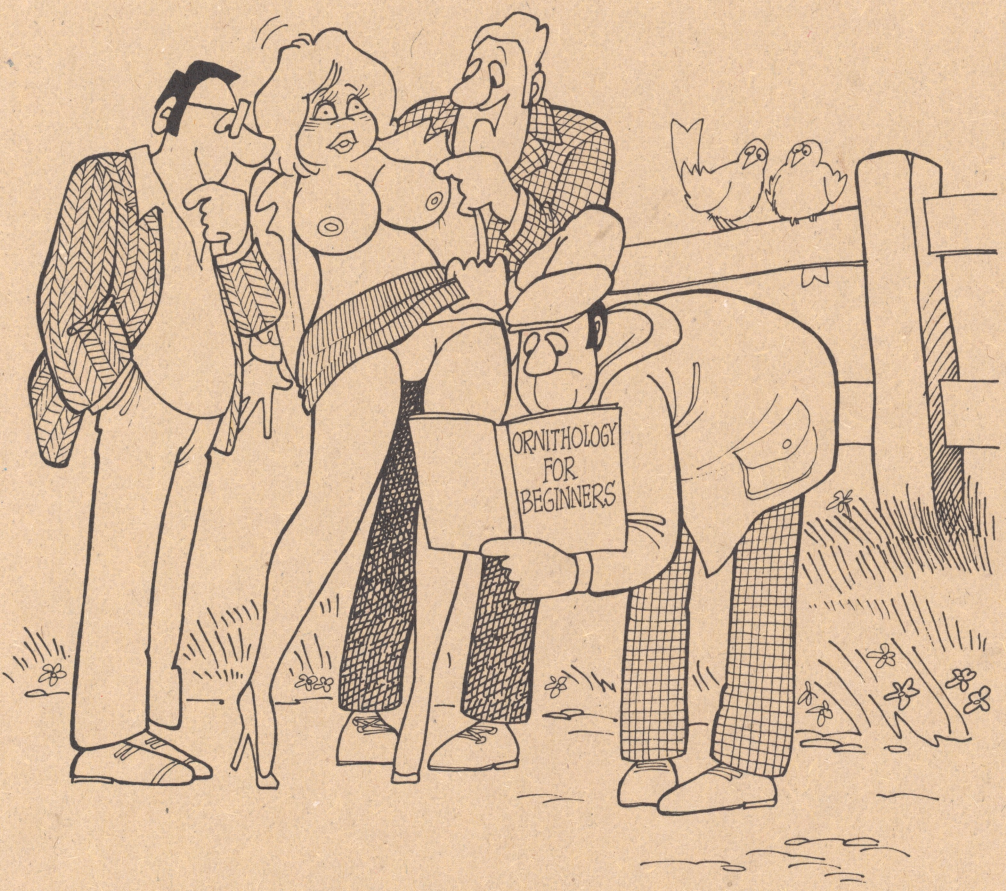
* * *

Harry Bond was late, *wasting time with the car instead of taking a taxi, you idiot*, but the commissionaire just nodded him in, and the lift was waiting, *and not to worry, make a new appointment unless the offices are closed* – they weren't. Harry Bond grasped the knob of the door that said Consolidated Jute, and pushed . . .

* * *

The Chairman had gone, and so had the rest of the staff, and without bothering to check that the door was locked Betty pulled her skirt up round her hips, and eased her pants off. Then, her smooth hips gracefully swivelled, she adjusted the mirror to check the marks before she phoned Mary Davis about going for a jacuzzi. She saw instantly that no, she couldn't – the Berlin marks across her plumply inviting rump and her shapely thighs were still clearly visible.
Staring at those pleasure-marks, she sighed – how long would she have to wait before someone freshened them . . .
And suddenly, silently, there he was, her answer. She saw him in the mirror, standing big and deliciously menacing in the doorway, an instant tent at his crotch. And *he* saw that lovely, dreamed-of redheaded girl holding her dress up, and watching his eyes eat up the sight of her bared sex, her centre-page thighs, her smack-inviting behind.
For an instant they stood frozen in their mutual lust, then he pounced, setting her against the edge of her desk. But she suddenly snaked herself round and threw herself sprawlingly across her desk, and gasped, '*Oh smack me first, please!*'
Aware even in that moment of her delicious female scent, Harry raised his hand . . . one . . . two . . . three . . . four . . . then he groaned and put his hands on her, and splittingly entered her, and when the pleasure-bomb exploded she shrieked, and he shouted but neither were aware of it.

'The hostess down at the Blue Cockatoo doesn't understand me.'

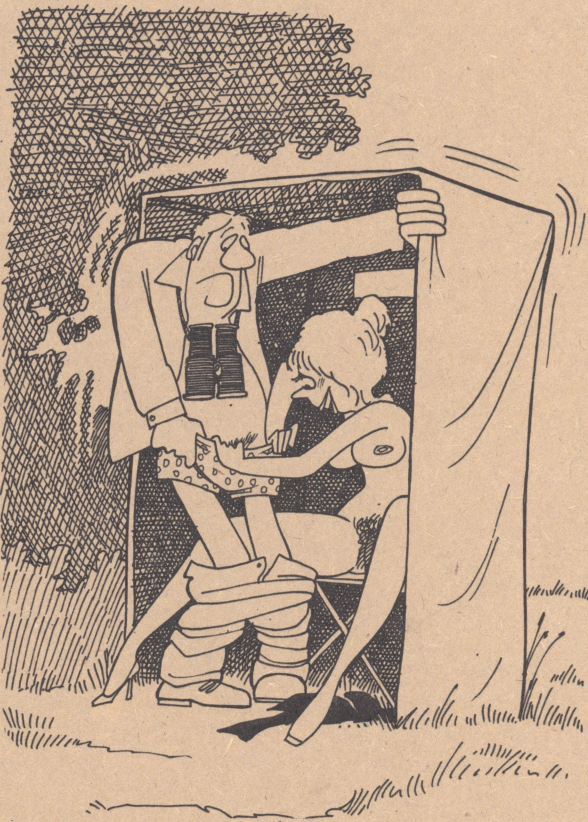


'No, no! I still say it's a large-breasted.love bird.'

BIRDWATCHERS OR HORNI-THOLOGISTS ?

Chasing across the countryside in pursuit of our feathered friends is a popular pastime but, says cartoonist Anthony, it can often lead to a flight of fancy

'You don't normally find them this far south.'



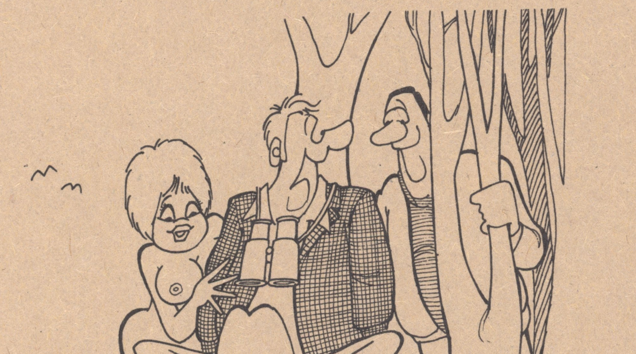
'But surely the whole idea of a hide is to enable one to get a much closer look?'

'I was hoping we might actually have caught a glimpse of one on the nest.'

'There's a distinct possibility of you two ladies becoming endangered species.'

'Haven't seen a damn thing all morning.'

'Now I know why they're called "twitches".'



'You were right – they are attracted to anything that wriggles.'

'I thought we came up here to study the mating habits of the chaffinch?'

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WINE

Charles Fforde

Not so much a wine tour – more a houseparty on wheels – that was the verdict of a very happy group of people I joined recently. They were describing a typical Blackheath Wine Trail. In this case it was the Champagne country.

Blackheath Wine Trails have been operating for many years from their base in Blackheath village. Directors, Desmond and Carol Pritchett enjoy wine themselves, and project their enthusiasm into their business life. They confine themselves to a small selection of wine areas, the two most important being that of Champagne and Port.

I went on a four day trip to the Champagne area. Modern coaches have transformed this type of long-weekend-abroad trip. They are not only quicker and more comfortable but offer the very necessary luxury of a loo and washroom.

We left Blackheath at 9.30 and a few minutes later Desmond Pritchett was pressing the first glass of champagne into our hands. There is nothing like champagne before noon to break the social ice. I soon learned some surprising things about other passengers.

A large percentage of my fellow travellers were very much 'regulars', some of them making their third trip to the same region. Some took a strong interest in wine – one woman was studying for the coveted position of a Master of Wine. But others of the party knew very little about wine and were going just for the fun of it. One couple were making their first visit abroad. All this meant there was no wine snobbery. In such a free atmosphere no one is scared to ask. For instance, we had an interesting discussion on how you pronounce the famous champagne Bollinger. The answer, from a PR to the champagne houses is, it depends where you are. To the French it would be *Boo-lon-zhay* but when ordering in an English restaurant, the more accepted English pronunciation can be used of *Boll-injer*.

My tour stayed in Rheims – the capital of the champagne region and a fascinating city in itself. Some tours stay in Epernay, the most important champagne town.

Arrangements had been made for us to visit three champagne houses, Moet & Chandon, Pol Roger and Pommery. The selection was skilful. Desmond and Carol Pritchett have long recognised that three houses in a long weekend is just right; sufficient to show the differences, not too many so that repetition palls. The houses were carefully chosen to represent a broad cross-section of the famous labels: Moet & Chandon – one of the oldest and most famous of our champagnes and including Dom Perignon, not only one of the world's most prestigious and expensive champagnes but possibly one of the most successful champagne marketing exercises of all time. The second house, Pol Roger, is small, family owned, aristocratic and anglophile. After all, it was Winston Churchill's favourite champagne, and it is estimated he drank a bottle a day . . . The third was Pommery, among the great houses brought to fame by a French widow. It is renowned for its massive cellars carved completely out of solid chalk.

The art of champagne making is traditional and intricate. It is an exercise in honouring the past and planning for the future.

The first secret of champagne is the chalk in which the vines are planted. It gives excellent drainage, and the white surface reflects sunlight on to the low pruned vines – thus ensuring ripeness in this most northerly of French wine growing areas. Surprisingly, the majority of grapes in champagne making are black – but separated from their skins after pressing so that the wine is white.

The amount of juice that champagne growers are allowed to press from their grapes is strictly controlled. The grape juice ferments in the normal way and produces a still wine. Expert tasters at this stage blend the various *crus* or crushings, and produce the blend or *cuvee* which is familiarly seen on champagne labels. Then comes the vital second fermentation. A *dosage* of liquor and yeast is added to the bottle and corked tightly. The gas cannot escape, mingles with the wine and in time produces the bubbles. The wine remains

turn to page 32

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WINE

continued from page 31

maturing for some three years for a basic non-vintage wine. There follows a most fascinating stage – the *remuage*. The bottles are placed neck down in sloping racks called *pupitres*. Daily the bottles are given a partial twist for five to six weeks. Although some champagne houses now use machinery, many still do the work by hand. A good *remeur* can, using both hands at once, caress some 10,000 bottles a day. It's jokingly said to be the best ever practice for foreplay! The effect of *remuage* is to get the deposit to slide down the neck of the bottle to the cork. It is then placed in a freezing solution which forms an ice cube in the neck of the bottle. The bottle is turned the right way up and uncapped. The pressure in the bottle forces out the ice cube containing the frozen deposit and the remaining wine is completely clear. A little more wine is added to compensate for the loss and the bottle corked and wired. All that remains is the dressing up in a label and foil.

All this can be seen in fascinating action at the Champagne Houses chosen by Blackheath Wine Trails. The visit to Pol Roger gives especial pleasure. The family owned firm is run by cousins Christian de Billy and Christian Pol Roger. We were shown around by Christian Pol Roger who is justly proud of Pol Roger's link with Sir Winston Churchill.

After a generous tasting, Christian offered to come with us around the Pol Roger vineyard. Very few tour operators could match the achievement of Carol and Desmond Pritchett – the joint head of an aristocratic Champagne house discussing, in perfect English, the reasons behind the planting and cultivation of his champagne grapes.

Although perhaps his hospitality was influenced by Desmond Pritchett presenting him with that apex of British gastronomy – a Harrods Christmas pudding.

In the great Champagne House of Moet (No. 1 in export to Great Britain) it was overwhelming to see the massive store of bottles quietly maturing, and frightening to put a value on the stock. The entrance to Moet is dominated by a statue of Dom Perignon, a monk and cellarer to the monastery who is acknowledged as the virtual inventor of champagne – a humble churchman who doubtless would be surprised to see his name on the label of squat bottles retailing in London night clubs at up to £100 a time!

At Pommery the unforgettable memories are the cellars at the base of a great shallow staircase which on grand occasions is lit by flaming torches. Although not excavated until the nineteenth century, the Pommery cellars link more than a hundred gallo-roman chalk pits nearly 100 feet below ground. Many of the galleries have intricate bas-reliefs carved into the walls. The great benefit, of course, is that the temperature remains absolutely stable at 10°C – the temperature at which it is recommended champagne should be drunk.

Carol and Desmond, who are as meticulous in selecting restaurants as they are wine, ensure that the four day tour encompasses some memorable meals, but at the same time, that adequate time is left for sight seeing.

Finally, one cannot leave the world of champagne without quoting the rules of the French wine-butler's association. They have evolved some excellent guidelines, not least the recommendation that champagne must be poured holding the base, and with the thumb in the hollow – or punt – at the base of the bottle. Why? Your hot little hand on the neck might take the chill off the wine. But the last word is reserved for their verdict on that magic sound – the popping of a champagne cork – 'Turn the *bottle* and take the cork out silently; *popping the cork is likely to inconvenience the customer and lowers the status of the establishment.*' As I write, I contemplate with shame the small dent in my office ceiling caused by ignoring such erudite advice...

Typical tours: 4-day Champagne tour £180. One week Bordeaux (by air) £380. One week Portugal (by air) £380.

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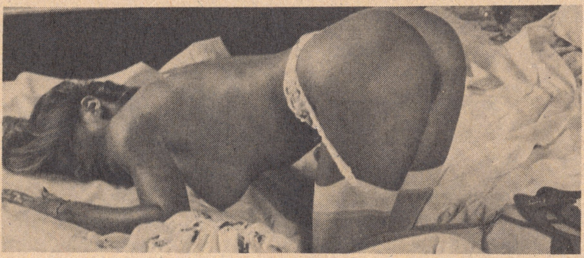

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FILMS

Gerald Cole

*****A Classic, ****Excellent, ***Good, **Average, *Boring
♡♡♡♡♡An Erotic Classic, ♡♡♡♡Highly Arousing, ♡♡♡Titillating, ♡♡Limp, ♡No discernable sex content

** ♡♡♡ **Thief Of Hearts** (18), 1 hr 37 mins. Recipe for surefire seduction: one, obtain by devious means the secret erotic diary of an attractive and neglected wife; two, transform yourself into the rich, charming, dangerous, male of her fantasies; three, invite her round to your flat, and on the pretext of teaching her how to handle a gun in your private shooting gallery gently massage her boobs from behind before unclipping her bra, and retiring to bed. *PS:* Should an attack of conscience subsequently slow the action suggest that you are the one man who will be more than happy to do everything she's ever dreamed about but was afraid to ask. Such is the situation of professional burglar Scott Muller (Steven Baur – Al Pacino's Cuban sidekick in *Scarface*) when he raids the San Francisco home of interior designer Mickey Davis (Barbara Williams) and her self-absorbed author hubby Ray (John Getz), inadvertently steals Mickey's diaries, becomes obsessed and sets out to seduce her using the secret insights he's gained. A bit too close to TV's Milk Tray ads for credibility, but intriguing.

***♡♡ **Falling In Love** (PG), 1 hr 46 mins. New York engineer Robert De Niro and artist Meryl Streep – both married – pursue a chaste romance on the city's commuter trains. Low-key, realistic and affecting but Britain's *Brief Encounter* proved the dangers of celibacy on trains so much better 40 years ago.

***♡♡ **A Love In Germany** (15), 1 hr 47 mins. One glimpse of a well-filled stocking top belonging to attractive village shopkeeper Paulina (Hanna Schygulla), and young Polish labourer Stanislaw (Piotr Lysak) is understandably smitten with lust. Luckily for him Paulina's husband is away, and she's eager for his attentions. Unluckily, this is Nazi Germany, and Stanislaw is a POW, strictly forbidden to have sex with German women on pain of death – to both partners. When the affair is discovered, the film becomes a meticulous and harrowing account of German life under the Nazis. The Pole must die but Nazi law insists foreigners can only be executed by fellow nationals (the executioner's specified reward is three cigarettes). Coffins are only permitted for up to three corpses at one execution: economy dictates communal graves for larger numbers

***♡ **Mass Appeal** (PG), 1 hr 39 mins. Jack Lemmon is the middle-aged, well-beloved RC priest who values popularity with his flock more than preaching uncomfortable truths. Newcomer Zeljko Ivanek is the fiery young seminarian who reminds him where his duty lies.

** ♡♡♡♡ **Sexy Feelings** (18), 55 mins. Persuaded to take up nude modelling to get her cocaine-dealer boyfriend out of debt, shapely, raven-haired Joanna (Leslie Bovee) steps straight into a lesbian romance with a blonde Teutonic madame, and thence to prostitution, which she enjoys enormously until despatched by a drug-crazed client. All very sober stuff, and surprisingly well-acted and produced for a no-holds-barred sexual epic, though this UK version bars all the naughtier holds.

***♡ **2010** (PG), 1 hr 56 mins. Deep in the ice-covered surface of Europa, the planet-sized moon of Jupiter, something stirs. Can it be life? Balls of lightening warn off the Russo-American expedition which passes by en route to investigate the US spacecraft *Discovery* which came a cropper on man's first Jupiter flight in *2001* – according to Stanley Kubrick's classic 1968 SF epic. This sequel takes up the tale nine years after *Discovery's* commander, David Bowman (Keir Dullea), disappeared into a gigantic alien monolith orbiting Jupiter, travelling beyond time and space in a remarkable climax which was deliberately left open-ended. *2010* performs the clever feat of bringing all to a satisfactory conclusion without actually explaining anything. But, despite strenuous efforts by Roy Scheider as hero Heywood Floyd, the ingenious ideas and truly spectacular special effects can't help dwarfing the human interest.

The Emden*, with dummy fourth funnel, and flying the white ensign to hide her identity, sails into Penang, guns blazing, in October 1914. The target, the Russian cruiser* Zemchug*, was hit time and again, and sank in a minute.*

In an incredible three months the German cruiser *Emden* sank two warships, stopped 21 British merchantmen, and pulled off audacious raids on Madras and Penang. Hunted by an armada of Allied ships she was cheered by released British sailors

Enter the Emden

The last incredible cruise of a German raider

By Gerald Rawling

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL CODD

The German cruiser entered Penang harbour at dawn on October 28, 1914. She did not come in at the usual sedate pace of vessels entering harbour, there was no band playing on her quarterdeck and no tidy rows of sailors lining the forecastle. She came in at 24 knots, top speed, with the entire crew closed up to action stations, and flying the White Ensign from her maintop.

For every member of the ship's company this was the climactic moment of near excruciating tension towards which they had been building since action stations had been called five hours earlier.

On the bridge the officers could now distinguish a confusing jumble of masts and rigging with a brightly lit row of evenly spaced lights over to port which might

Left: Emden's Captain Karl von Müller. Right: Helmuth von Mücke who led the raiding party.

possibly be the stern lights of a row of destroyers. But, as they rounded the point at the harbour entrance, the early morning mists began to lift with the rising sun, and they had a clear view of the source of the illuminations – they were a string of lamps on the quarterdeck of an enemy warship, the Russian light cruiser, *Zemchug*.

Instantly a barrage of orders issued from the bridge alerting guns' crews and torpedo flat personnel, while the White Ensign was struck, and the Imperial German war flag hoisted in its place. As he drew abeam of the enemy vessel the captain fired his port torpedo tube, and opened up with his port battery of 4.1 inch guns.

The early dawn quiet of Penang harbour was abruptly shattered by a deafening cacophony of gunfire and exploding shells augmented by a tremendous concussion as the torpedo hit the *Zemchug* amidships just abaft the second funnel. Return fire from the Russian ship was desultory, and what shells she did get off only hit merchantmen moored on the other side of the harbour. Untouched by enemy fire, the German captain spun his helm over and came racing down again on the Russian ship, this time with his starboard battery engaged. By now the *Zemchug* was holed like a colander and the *coup de grace* was administered as the Germans' starboard torpedo tube was fired. The missile struck her squarely amidships, right under the bridge. There was a colossal explosion as the magazine blew up, and the vessel sank within one minute, leaving only the top of her single mast showing above water.

Well satisfied with his work, the German captain now headed for the open sea. The entire action had lasted a mere ten minutes and would prove just one more encounter in the catalogue of maritime incidents which formed the short, heroic and ultimately violent history of the last cruise of Germany's most famous warship of WWI, the *Emden*.

The story of the *Emden* is a classic of naval history, and one of the great sea stories of all time. There is almost a *Boys' Own Paper* feel of heroism about the feats of this lone warship under her captain, Karl von Müller which for nearly three months terrorised the whole of that 'British Lake' known as the Indian Ocean.

The ship, isolated and without any kind of home base, was eventually hunted by 78 British or Allied warships. Despite this, she sank two warships, stopped 21 British merchantmen of which she sank 16, abducted four colliers, shelled oil installations in Madras, and pulled off a daring hit and run raid on Penang. The *Emden* quickly became a legend of 'the gallant enemy' type, her adventures eagerly followed in the world's press. And Müller, himself, was to become a sea hero with a reputation to equal that of Manfred von Richthofen in the air, an honourable and chivalrous opponent who aroused admiration and profound respect among his enemies.

SMS (*Seiner Majistäts Schiffe* or His Majesty's Ship) *Emden* was built in Danzig (now Gdansk) and launched there in May, 1908. She was a light cruiser displacing 3,600 tons, and carried an armament of ten 4.1 inch guns, two forward, two aft and three each side. She also stowed five torpedoes which could be delivered through underwater tubes placed amidships on either side and firing broadside on. She was very lightly armoured with 2in plate although the thickness was doubled around the bridge.

The outbreak of the First World War found her on the China Station with Admiral Maximilian Graf von Spee's Far Eastern Fleet, the only German naval force not based on home ports. She was stationed in the good natural harbour of Tsingtao which formed the nucleus of the tiny German colony of Kiao Chow on the Chinese coast a few hundred miles north of Shanghai. Her captain, soon to become one of the most famous officers in German naval history, was Commander Karl Friedrich Max von Müller, a 40-year-old member of the minor Prussian nobility who had broken the family's military tradition by taking the Navy as a career.

Despite his enduring fame, Müller remains a shadowy character. His full and comprehensive report of the last cruise of the *Emden* provides a complete blank when it comes to the matter of self revelation, and he was one of the few officers on board who never wrote anything for publication. We do not even know, one authority writes plaintively, whether he had a sense of humour. What we do know is that he was highly regarded by his superiors, and followed with dog-like devotion by his subordinates.

It is also clear from his actions that he was humane, fair-minded, even chivalrous, and his record shows beyond doubt that his professional ability was well above average. All that said, he remains an enigmatic character, and he must have been an uncommonly reserved man.

No such charge could be levelled against his second-in-command, the First Officer, Kapitän-leutnant Kurt Hellmuth von Mücke, who was to carve his own niche in naval history, and to rival his own captain in fame. Von Mücke was a charming extrovert, a good-looking young man of 32 with outstanding qualities of leadership, and infinite resource.

War was imminent when *Emden* slipped her moorings in Tsingtao, and proceeded to sea on July 31, 1914. She headed for the Korean Peninsula, and in the very early morning of August 4 with the war only a few hours old she sighted a Russian merchantman, the *Ryaezan*. Müller decided to capture her. It is worth remembering that in the First World War, Japan and Russia were allies, Germany having declared war on Russia on August 2, two days before we declared war on Germany. Japan's ultimatum to Germany went unanswered, and she joined the allies on August 23. The Russian ignored the international signal hoist, 'Stop at once do not wireless', and, despite blank shots, made a run for what were at that time Japanese neutral waters. In the end they had to fire 12 live rounds before the quarry heaved to.

Müller assigned Leutnant Julius Lauterbach to take over the prize with an armed boarding party, and they set off in a cutter. Lauterbach was a Reserve officer who had been an experienced merchant marine captain, a man of gigantic frame with a drinking capacity to match it, and the kind of noisy, boisterous personality that can prove overwhelming in a small wardroom. In early middle age he was running to fat but a lot of it was muscle, and he was to prove an invaluable member of the *Emden's* team.

He discovered that the *Ryaezan* was a 3,500 ton mail steamer carrying 80 passengers but little cargo. She was newish with a good turn of speed, and Müller decided to escort her back to Tsingtao where she could be converted to an armed merchant cruiser, and despatched to join von Spee's Cruiser Squadron.

Müller also had orders to join Spee, and Tsingtao's days as a refuge were numbered with the British now in the war, and the Japanese likely to join them at any moment. He therefore coaled his ship as rapidly as possible, and set off for Pagan Island, a German possession in the Marianas, to rendezvous with his Admiral.

At Pagan Island, overlooked by a smoking volcano, the *Emden* dropped anchor alongside *Scharnhorst*, *Gneisenau* and *Nurnberg*, the other ships in the Cruiser Squadron. There Müller together with the other captains joined von Spee on his flagship, *Scharnhorst*, for a council of war. Spee had already decided that the China seas and the Indian Ocean were an unsuitable location for his Squadron, and he was taking his command eastwards to South America where there were much better facilities for

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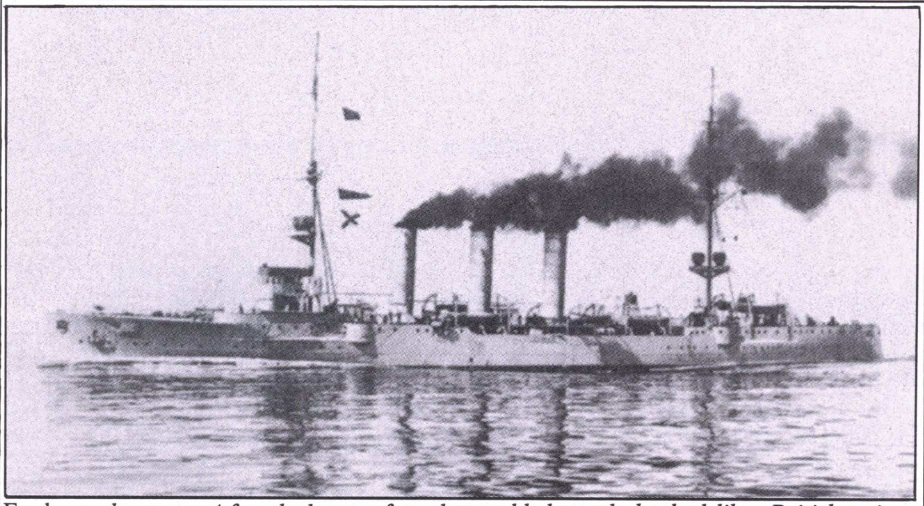

Emden *under steam. A fourth, dummy, funnel was added to make her look like a British cruiser.*

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coaling his ships. But he did agree to Müller's suggestion that *Emden* should be detached on a solo commerce raiding cruise in the Indian Ocean, realising that one rogue light cruiser could probably create a great deal of havoc while at the same time proving far less vulnerable than the entire squadron in the same environment.

At 5.30pm on August 13, the Squadron sailed, and at 8am next morning Spee hoisted the signal for *Emden*, 'Detached. Wish good luck.' Müller turned out of line along with the collier *Markomannia* which was allocated to him, and was carrying 5,000 tons of coal. He replied by semaphore 'Thank your Excellency for trust placed in me. Wish Cruiser Squadron *bon voyage* and good luck.' With one Russian prize already in the bag, the epic cruise of the *Emden* had begun.

Creeping back into his chosen theatre of operations, Müller had to be extremely careful not to arouse suspicion or even casual comment about his movements. Coming in from the east, he sidled his way up the coast of the neutral Dutch East Indies past Java and Sumatra and, on the way, one of his junior officers, Sub Lieutenant Fikentscher, dropped a casual remark in the wardroom to the effect that it was a pity the *Emden* did not sport a fourth funnel as if she did so she could well be mistaken for a British cruiser. Müller approved the disguise and a fourth funnel was constructed from wood and canvas, suitably painted, which gave the *Emden* a profile not unlike that of HMS *Yarmouth*, a British light cruiser, well-known in Indian Ocean ports who would in fact soon be spending all of her time searching for the enemy raider.

Emden was in the business of commerce raiding from September 5 when she entered the Bay of Bengal. Three days were spent in fruitless cruising in search of a target, and everyone was becoming bored when at 10pm on September 9 they sighted a single funnelled steamer which they stopped. Lauterbach, by now the expert prize officer, went across in a cutter to take charge. Müller was despondent when he learned that it was a neutral – a Greek ship, *Pontoporos* – but greatly cheered when he found the cargo was coal destined for the British Navy which made it contraband, and he decided to keep the vessel in company, her cargo being a useful fuel reserve.

Just after dawn they sighted another vessel, the 3,400 ton British steamer, *Indus* flying the Blue Ensign which meant she was in Government service. She was stopped, and once again Lauterbach went aboard. She was in ballast, and after taking off what was worth keeping, Müller decided to sink her. Although there was no cargo the *Indus* yielded some creature comforts like wine and cigarettes together with 150 cases of soap, a commodity of which the *Emden*'s crew were particularly short. It is fascinating to note that on September 25, by which time captured British crews had been released to spread the news, and, the cruiser's name had become a household word, the enterprising manufacturers of that particular brand of soap inserted the following advertisement in a Calcutta newspaper: 'There is no doubt that the German cruiser *Emden* had knowledge that the *Indus* was carrying 150 cases of North West Company's celebrated ELYSIUM Soap, and hence the pursuit. The men on the *Emden*, and their clothes are now clean and sweet, thanks to ELYSIUM Soap. Try it!'

After taking the crew off, they sank the *Indus* by opening the Kingston valves (irreversible sea-cocks) and puncturing her hull at waterline with shellfire. She took over an hour to go down, finally turning turtle, sinking by the bow, and making dreadful groaning noises as she descended. For the crew of the *Emden*, although they took no pleasure in watching the death throes of a sturdy ship, it was a spectacle they were going to have to get used to. Two days later they caught up with a 6,100 ton packet-boat destined for troop movements, the *Lovat*. She was British, her crew was taken off, and she was sunk.

Now the cruise of the *Emden* was beginning to gather momentum. Müller headed north for Calcutta, satisfied that he would be crossing busy steamer lanes, and sure enough at 11pm on September 12 he stopped a British ship, the 4,657 ton *Kabinga*. Lauterbach went into his familiar routine, and reported back to his captain that the cargo was neutral – British goods being exported from Calcutta to North America which precluded Müller from sinking her, and for the time being he merely took the vessel in company with a prize crew aboard while he waited expectantly for his next victim. This obligingly turned up at 2am in the form of the British collier, *Killin* (3,544 tons). She was loaded with 6,000 tons of Bengal coal for which Müller had no use, and he decided to sink her at daybreak.

They sank the *Killin* in half an hour which showed that the *Emden's* crew were becoming adept in this novel exercise. Lauterbach, trying to get some sleep in his own bunk after being up all night on the *Kabinga* was roused again at 3pm when the *Emden* stopped a large (7,615 ton) and very smart looking British vessel, the *Diplomat*. She was a handsome prize carrying 10,000 tons of tea, and Müller decided to sink her immediately. The crew and passengers were transferred to the *Kabinga* and in view of the *Diplomat's* size, Leutnant Witthoeft, the torpedo officer, went aboard with explosive charges to assist the open sea-cocks in the scuttling. She went down spectacularly, settling by the bow, and then rising vertically for a final dramatic and noisy plunge.

In the meantime, Müller had sighted smoke on the horizon, and dashed off to investigate. The vessel turned out to be a rusty old Italian tramp, the *Loredano*, and being a neutral, he allowed her to proceed on to Calcutta where her master, Captain Giacopolo, rapidly spread word about *Emden's* movements and latest position.

Next day they came in sight of Calcutta and Müller veered off northwards. Apart from his collier, *Markomannia*, he still had *Pontoporos* and *Kabinga* in company, and in the afternoon he stopped to have all crews and passengers transferred to *Kabinga* as he had decided to release her. While this was going on another British ship appeared, the 4,028 ton *Trabbock*. She was unladen and was sunk with explosive charges; the explosion was unexpectedly loud and spectacular, apparently owing to coal dust being ignited. With *Trabbock's* crew now aboard, the decidedly overloaded *Kabinga* was released to sail off for Calcutta and freedom. The Germans laughingly referred to her as their *'Lumpensammler'* – the portmanteau word translates roughly as 'refuse collector'. At the moment of her departure two quite extraordinary gestures were made.

The *Kabinga's* master, Captain Robinson, sent a personal letter to Müller thanking him for the courteous way in which he had been treated while he was detained, and as the two vessels parted company, the British seamen now being granted their freedom raised three rousing cheers for the enemy captain. It was a unique demonstration since hardly any of the men had even met Müller but it was the kind of incident that sparks off legends, and once these men were back in Calcutta and talking about it, the legend of the *Emden* as the gentleman-of-war was established.

Barely had the hull of the *Kabinga* disappeared over the horizon before victim number eight was sighted as a stern light ahead. *Emden* overtook, and only got her to stop by firing a live round which threw up a fountain of water ahead of her. There was an

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exchange by megaphone: 'What ship?' enquired *Emden*. *'Clan Matheson'* was the reply. 'English?' There was a distinct pause before an angry reply boomed across the water in a strong Scots accent: 'No, British!' This one was sunk on the spot although it nearly broke Lauterbach's heart when he saw the cargo manifest of the 4,775 ton vessel. She was carrying Rolls-Royce automobiles, locomotives, typewriters, other expensive types of machinery and a thoroughbred racehorse apparently tipped as the winner of the forthcoming Calcutta Sweepstake. It was just too bad. The racehorse was despatched with a pistol shot and the *Clan Matheson* sunk with explosive charges.

Now steering south eastwards towards Rangoon, the *Emden* stopped in a dead calm sea on September 16, and took on coal from the *Pontoporos*. Coaling was a continual problem, and a very dirty and exhausting operation for the crew but the necessity arose only too frequently since the *Emden* could only carry 790 tons and her consumption rose at an alarming rate if she had to go to maximum revolutions. Cruising back westwards, hoping to find pickings around the crossing point of the Singapore-Calcutta and Madras-Rangoon steamer lanes they in fact found nothing, and Müller decided to stir things up in a different way by heading for Madras for a ship to shore engagement.

As a target he picked the Burmah Oil Company's storage tanks situated well to the south of the great city and its harbour. He was mindful of the fact that the installations were well away from any centres of Indian population so that civilian casualties would be minimal and, as he stated in his own report: 'I had this shelling in view simply as a demonstration to arouse interest among the Indian population, to disturb English commerce, to diminish English prestige.'

At 8pm on the evening of September 22 *Emden* began her run in to Madras at her full 24 knots with the crew closed up to action stations. There was no trouble finding the target for the city was lit up like a fairground, and Müller stopped engines some 3,000 yards offshore. His four dazzling searchlights, sighted in pairs one third of the way up his two masts, sprang into brilliant life, and quickly zeroed in on the white painted tanks.

Now it was the turn of Kapitän-leutnant Ernst Gaede, the *Emden's* gunnery officer, to show his mettle, and he got off 25 salvoes from the starboard battery on a southerly run. There were six tanks and they hit five of them, of which two blew up in a highly satisfactory manner causing widespread disruption and a pall of smoke that would be seen 80 miles away next morning. The whole engagement lasted just ten minutes.

For the Burmah Oil Company it was a gnat-bite – an £8,000 tax deductible loss – but for the British Government it was a severe loss of face in a highly sensitive area, and for the Germans it was an incalculable boost adding new lustre to the already growing legend of the *Emden*.

Now heading south, Müller took his ship round the toe of the sub continent, and out west of Colombo where he went back into the commerce raiding business, and began to build up his score at a phenomenal rate. He passed the westernmost part of Ceylon (now Sri Lanka) at lunch time on September 25, and for the next couple of days the *Emden's* log read something like this:

September 25, 1914. 1400 hours. Stopped British steamer, *King Lud*, 3,650 tons, in ballast. Yielded much needed provisions. Crew taken off, vessel sunk. 2200 hours. Sighted British steamer, *Tymeric*, 3,314 tons. Vessel stopped, Lauterbach sent aboard, cargo 4,600 tons sugar destined for England. Crew transferred to *Markomannia*. *Tymeric* sunk.

September 26, 1914. Still proceeding westwards for Minicoy Island. 0215 hours. Sighted British steamer *Gryfevale*, 4,437 tons, in ballast from Aden to Colombo. Kept her in company with Lauterbach as prize officer. We will use her as *Lumpensammler* when convenient.

September 27, 1914. 0325 hours. Stopped British collier, *Buresk*, 4,350 tons. Cargo 6,600 tons of first class coal from South Wales. We could not ask for anything better as our own collier, *Markomannia* has nearly exhausted her supplies. Put Kapitän-leutnant Klöpper aboard as prize officer (Lauterbach is still with *Gryfevale*). 1325 hours. Stopped British vessel, *Ribera*, 3,500 tons, in ballast. Transferred crew to *Gryfevale*, and sank her. 2045 hours. Stopped British steamer, *Foyle*, 4,147 tons, in ballast. Transfered crew to *Gryfevale*. Opened sea-cocks, and left her to sink.

For *Emden's* crew September 27 was their 'Three Ship Sunday', and the day was brought to a memorable close in the evening when the *Gryfevale, Emden's lumpensammler* Mark II, was released to sail for Colombo, carrying the crews of her last six victims. As the *lumpensammler* pulled away in the glare of *Emden's* searchlights the assembled British seamen gave three lusty cheers for the German captain, three more for his officers, and a final three for the crew.

Müller now needed a quiet time, and a peaceful base to do some coaling and repairs. The faithful *Markomannia* was paid off, and he kept *Buresk* with her good Welsh coal as his tender. The ideal spot was found in the coral island of Diego Garcia in the centre of the Indian Ocean. It is one of the remotest and most beautiful spots in the world. There was nothing ashore except a coconut plantation run by an English manager whose only news of the outside world came quarterly by schooner from Mauritius when they came to collect the copra; he had no idea that his country was at war.

'The doctor says it's touch and go. If I touch another nurse, I go.'

By this time a small armada of Allied warships was devoted to nothing other than scouring the Indian Ocean in search of the *Emden*. Among the bigger vessels which all outgunned and were faster than the German ship were the British heavy cruisers, *Hampshire* and *Minotaur*, the light cruiser, *Yarmouth* and two Japanese vessels, the battlecruiser, *Ibuki* and the cruiser, *Chikuma*. This tying up of Allied naval units was in itself a sizeable contribution to the German war effort since troop ship convoys were being held up for lack of escorts.

Back in London, Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, fired off a sizzling memo to the First Sea Lord complaining about the lack of progress in locating the raider, and finishing with the words: 'I wish to point out to you most clearly that the irritation caused by an indefinite continuance of the *Emden's* captures will do great harm to Admiralty reputation.' It is difficult to find a better illustration of just how much havoc *Emden* was creating.

They left Diego Garcia on October 10, and headed northwards for Minicoy Island to get back into the steamer lanes. Sure enough, on October 15, they had another 'three ship day', sinking three British vessels after transferring their crews to the *Buresk*. These were the *Clan Grant*, 3,948 tons, the *Benmohr*, 4,806 tons and, of all things, a sea-going dredger, the *Ponrabbel*, 478 tons.

Over the next three days in the area north of Minicoy and west of Colombo they captured four more ships, all of them British – *Troilus*, 7,562 tons, *St Egbert*, 5,596 tons, *Exford*, 4,542 tons and *Chilkana*, 5,140 tons. *Troilus* was a really good catch, a splendid new vessel with valuable cargo on her maiden voyage but they sank her along with *Chilkana*. *Exford* was a collier with a good load of Cardiff coal so they kept her in company. *St Egbert*, a sizeable ship, was used as *lumpensammler* Mark III, and sent on her way to Cochin with all crew and passengers from the other prizes.

Now was the time, Müller decided, to vary his tactics again, and he set course for Penang to execute his daring hit and run operation of October 28. As we have seen, he sank the *Zemchug*, and might have done further damage in the harbour had it not been for the approach of a small, fast vessel which he took for a torpedo boat. It fact it was only the pilot boat but having cleared the harbour there seemed little point in risking a return. An hour later, heading up the coast he ran straight into a small French destroyer, the *Mousquet*, which was returning to Penang from a routine patrol. *Emden* opened fire from 4,500 yards, and with her third salvo put the engines out of action. After that, since the Frenchman refused to strike his colours, the small vessel was

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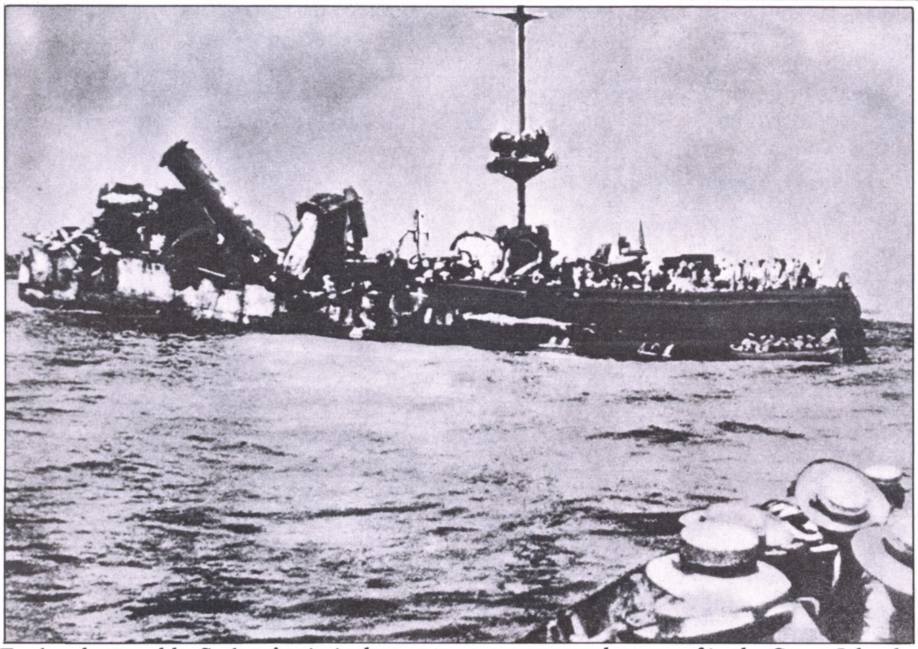

Emden, *battered by* Sydney's *six-inch guns, was run aground on a reef in the Cocos Islands.*

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systematically destroyed with shellfire until she sank. They picked up only 36 survivors, most of them wounded, and the ship's doctors were kept really busy for the first time on the cruise. Next day Müller stopped a British steamer whose captain agreed to take the French survivors to Sabang in Sumatra.

Once again it was time for a complete change of location, and Müller now staged a feint to give the impression that he was heading for the area south and west of Australia while in fact he was planning to move right across the chessboard to the north-western side of the Indian Ocean, looking for prizes on the Aden Bombay route.

The feint itself involved a move to the Cocos (or Keeling) Islands to destroy the important cable station and wireless transmitter on Direction Island, a principal atoll of the group. He arrived there at dawn on November 9, and sent a strong, well-armed detachment ashore headed by his First Officer, von Mücke to carry out the demolitions. As soon as *Emden* appeared, however, the wireless station started transmitting in morse, 'Strange ship in entrance', later altering the message to 'SOS *Emden* here', and the signal was repeated several times before the German ship jammed further transmissions. That signal was received in several places but most notably by a heavily escorted troopship convoy which was only 52 miles or two hours steaming away. The escort commander detached the six-inch cruiser, HMAS *Sydney* with orders to intercept and destroy the enemy warship.

It was 9am when Müller's lookouts spotted the smoke of an approaching ship. At first they thought it was the *Buresk* which had been summoned to the island for a coaling session but it quickly became apparent that she was coming in much too fast for the collier, and Müller immediately weighed anchor, and went to action stations; there was no time to wait for Mücke and the shore party. He headed straight for the other vessel, and they converged at high speed.

By this time the newcomer had been identified as a British light cruiser (in fact she was Australian but with a British captain) and Müller knew that he was outclassed. At 9.40am and at 10,500 yards he opened fire, and with his third salvo started registering hits on the *Sydney*. By a combination of luck and good shooting, he immediately knocked out *Sydney's* fire direction control system and tried to close the range so that he could use torpedoes.

But *Sydney's* commander, Captain John Glossop, RN, hauled off to a safe distance where, at a maximum range for *Emden*'s firepower, he could pound her to pieces even if his guns' crews were shooting over open sights. *Emden* was systematically reduced to a burning hulk with all gunnery control and steering systems destroyed until at 11.15 she ceased firing.

There was no way Müller could scuttle his ship with fire, smoke and total confusion down below, but she was still afloat and, under jury rig, steering with his engines, he did the next best thing and ran her on to the coral reef surrounding North Keeling Island at full revolutions. Once there he had the guns spiked and all equipment of possible use to the enemy dumped over the side. The last cruise of the *Emden* had ended.

For Karl von Müller it was a prison camp for the rest of the war although his brilliant reputation as a kind of pirate king-cum-corsair never dimmed, and the Kaiser awarded him Germany's highest decoration for gallantry, the *Ordre Pour le Mérite*.

But if it was the end of a saga of Homeric proportions for Müller and the *Emden*, it was the beginning of a similar odyssey for Hellmuth von Mücke and the 49 crew members accidentally marooned on Direction Island. The story of how these men escaped from a remote island in the Indian Ocean, and found their way back to Germany really merits an article all to itself and, however briefly, their voyage must be recorded.

Mücke commanded a strong and well armed party of three officers, six petty officers and 41 men. They carried Mauser rifles or pistols, and all four of the ship's Maxim machine guns with 2,000 rounds for each gun. Having successfully destroyed the cable and wireless equipment (which took longer than expected and probably saved their lives) they found themselves stranded on the island.

Down at the jetty in the lagoon they commandeered the schooner, *Ayesha*, and sailed off in her. They made a landfall at Padang in Sumatra where the neutral Dutch tried to persuade them to hand themselves over for internment. But Mücke was adamant. He hoisted the Imperial war flag, announced that *Ayesha* was a warship, and demanded his right to 24 hours respite before leaving Dutch territorial waters. While in Padang he made secret arrangements to rendezvous with a German merchantman outside the three mile limit. This was duly accomplished, and the entire party transferred to the steamer after sinking the faithful schooner which had carried them 1,700 miles.

The merchantman took them clear across to the other side of the Indian Ocean where, at the mouth of the Red Sea they disembarked at Hodeida in the Yemen, an Arab state under the rule of Germany's Turkish allies. Their progress up the Arabian Peninsula was a nightmare. Both Turks and Arabs were devious, tricky and completely untrustworthy – one moment overwhelmingly friendly and the next openly hostile. In addition many of the Arabs were in revolt, Bedouin types who would attack anybody if they could see an easy victory. Nearing Jiddah the Germans were attacked by such a raiding force numbering 300, and they found themselves with a full scale battle on their hands.

The Turkish escort promptly fled, but Mücke showed a determined and disciplined resistance, and the Maxim machine guns finally proved that it had been worth dragging them all the way there; the Bedouin were beaten off. Finally, after six months of incredible voyaging they reached the railhead at Al Ula from where they made the long and boring journey by train to Constantinople, at last in touch with German authorities.

They arrived there on May 14, 1915 to a stupendous welcome. They had been kitted out with fresh uniforms in Damascus and so it was a well turned out Kapitän-leutnant Hellmuth von Mücke who lowered his sword in salute to Admiral Wilhelm Souchon, the local German C-in-C, and head of the Turkish Navy, presenting his detachment for inspection with the words: 'Beg to report, landing party from SMS *Emden* numbering five officers, seven petty officers and thirty-seven men, present and correct.' (There were a number of German casualties along the way, but other German Officers, NCOs, and sailors joined the Emden party on route to replenish the numbers.) On the right one of the ratings held a boathook at the top of which hung a much tattered naval ensign from the *Emden*, a suitable reminder that this was the final moment in one of the great sea adventures of all time – the last cruise of the *Emden*.

MXH 140

MXH 140

PLB 552

After the Second World War, Benjamin and William Jowett produced a range of sports and saloon cars which was amongst the best of their day. Quick yet economical, the Javelins and Jupiters won famous victories but time and money were fast running out

JOWETT GENIUS

from Bill and Ben the power-pot men

Motoring with William Boddy/Photographed by Andrew Morland

Yorkshiremen are said to have more than a fair share of common sense, and as the Jowett light-car was the brain-child of two such gentlemen, Ben and Bill from Bradford, perhaps its not surprising that it was successful in a highly competitive market. Benjamin and William Jowett were the sons of a gas-engine maker, and embarked on car manufacture in 1910, following a series of experiments in the transport field that had begun nine years earlier. It is rumoured that they had only £90 capital with which to start their ambitious venture, £60 between them and another £30 put up by a sister. Be that as may, they were to flourish, making economical, rugged cars for the masses.

The hall-mark of those early Jowetts was a flat-twin or two-cylinder horizontally opposed engine with side valves, at first in non-detachable heads. Prices were decidedly low but the wily Jowett brothers never quite stooped to a £100 model. The concept may have been crude, and indeed even into the early post-war (or 'vintage') years the appearance of a Jowett, whether a dumpy two-seater or a Long-Four tourer, or saloon, was not exactly a pretty sight. Nevertheless, lots of motorists put their faith in a Jowett Twin, being persuaded to do so by a long series of amusing advertisements proclaiming the merits of the simple power pack, the 'Little Engine With The Big Pull'. There was even a sports-model, which in racing trim took long-distance records at the famous Brooklands Track.

As the Jowett theme expanded and success

Above and large picture far left: The last Jowett Jupiter produced, made in 1954. Two pictures top left: A 1952 Jowett Javelin. Both models contain a four-cylinder, 1,486cc engine, and are owned by Pat Lockyer from Yeovil. Near left: The Jupiter's dashboard.

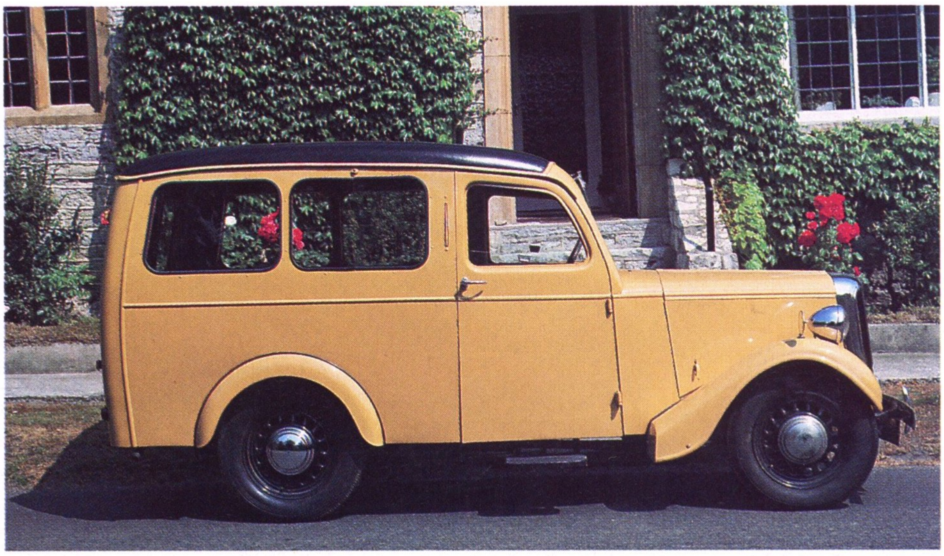
OPX 495

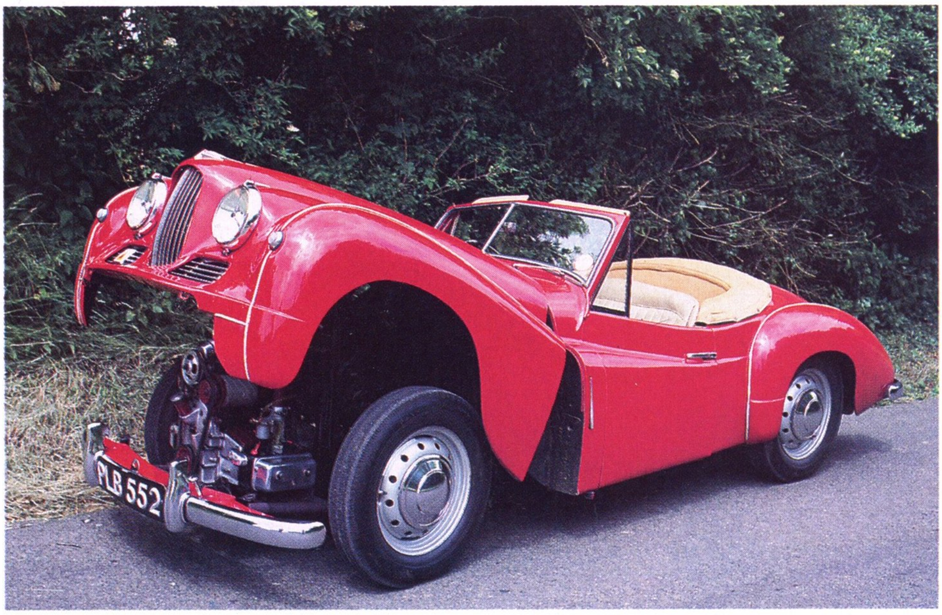
attended on Bill and Ben, they introduced closed bodywork on their now famous flat-twin 7hp chassis. Eventually front-wheel brakes were added, and more ambitious cars joined the range. Because it was traditional for any Jowett to have its engine's cylinders set transversely and low down across the front of the chassis, the more luxurious models had flat or horizontally-opposed four-cylinder power units. They broke new ground for the brothers in 1936, the four-pot Jupiter saloon priced at under £200, the more lavish Jason saloon at £205. The venture wasn't exactly a success, for the engines looked untidy, and the frontal appearance of these new saloons was by no means handsome. But at least Jowett's had broken away from the low-horse-power, twin-cylinder policy they had doggedly followed for quarter of a century.

It was the post-World War Two efforts of the long-established Yorkshire company that were so creditable if, unfortunately, not all that profitable. What it did was to design an entirely new post-war range, exciting technically, when other car manufacturers were still changing over from munitions production and hadn't given much thought to their post-1946 range. Admittedly Armstrong Siddeley did offer some new body styles at this time, naming the models after glorious fighters and bombers from the war years, but mechanically they were the same as their earlier cars. So, not surprisingly when it was introduced the revolutionary Jowett Javelin shook the motoring world.

Very courageously, Jowett's scrapped their almost immortal flat-twin engine for their new car, although this remained in the Bradford utility commercials. A very clever engineer, Gerald Palmer produced the new concept, although even he retained the flat-four-cylinder engine (presumably because it is a very well balanced motor, and could be accommodated beneath a short bonnet, its only snag being the effective feeding of the inlet valves, which are set rather far apart, through the long manifolding). To help him, Palmer had FE Salter, who had pulled the Standard Motor Company through some of its darkest hours, notably with his Flying Standards of the 1935 era. Gerald Palmer was not only a brilliant engineer but also a genuine motor-buff. I know because later he was to buy and restore a 1922 Targa Florio Mercedes racing-car, and I had a ride in this one Sunday afternoon when other motor industry executives would have been on the golf-course . . .

The Javelin had every cause to elevate people's eyebrows. It had a sleek shape, from its rounded radiator grille to its sloping tail. The engine was set well forward, and there was independent springing by torsion bars – like the VW Beetle except that the Volkswagen was rear engined and had a marked tendency to oversteer badly. The Javelin saloon was roomy and comfortable, and went remarkably quickly for its 1498cc, the engine possessing overhead valves. Salter was there to advise about getting the produc-





More Jowetts from Pat Lockyer's collection. Left and top left: Another Jupiter sports, this time dating from 1953. Top right: A Jowett Bradford utility made in 1950. It's twin-cylinder, 856cc engine still holds the world record for longevity, being used in various models between 1911 and 1953. Above: The Jupiter from 1954 seen earlier with bonnet raised for inspection.

tion machinery going, and a charming man called John Baldwin looked after publicity. All was set for a continuation of Yorkshire good fortune.

Alas, there were problems. A prototype Javelin was running by the summer of 1944, but the first the eager buying public saw of it was not until November 1947. Appetites had been whetted by reports of astonishingly good acceleration for this $1\frac{1}{2}$-litre spacious saloon car, with a top speed better than 76 mph, yet petrol conserved at around 33 mpg. But customers will not wait forever . . . Those who did were not all rewarded either. There were problems with failed bearings, blown gaskets and third gear tended to jump out of mesh. This was such a pity, for the Jowett Javelin would make rude rings round stodges such as Morris Oxfords and the like.

It handled well, and it looked good. It even appeared in races and scored well. But by 1953, when the various problems had been ironed-out, it was getting unfortunately late in the day.

Jowett's were spending too much to get there. My boss used to own a number of Javelins and a Jupiter sports-model, and I recall how often they had to go back to the works. On one journey to Idle, Bradford, in the red Jupiter, there had been a terrible noise as the cooling fan, which had broken away, punched a blister in the bonnet top . . .

A pity again, because the sports Jupiter was a nice, individualistic little car, so compact that if it rained you just slowed down, and the hood could be put up without having to get out, or even stop. A definite boon, especially if the bird beside you is a little frail.

Jowett's had been having rally successes with Javelins from 1948, when folk like SM Lawry, TC Wise, Marcel Becquet, Gordon Wilkins and *Mesdames* Mitchell and Leavens began winning pots with them. This turned thoughts to a sports job, and for the 1949 Show the ERA-Javelin was ready. Its space frame was the work of Dr Eberan von Eberhorst, the professor responsible for powerful pre-war Grand Prix Auto-Unions that raced against, and occasionally beat, the even more fabulous GP Mercedes-Benz. The ERA project was virtually still-born but the Jupiter was the result. Forget the Jupiter's steering -column gear shift, forget its poor luggage space – who wants more than a pair of toothbrushes in a sports car? – the Jupiter was very good, in its day. So good that under CB Grandfield and AH Grimley, its makers prepared it for some serious racing – costing them more precious money. There were snags to be overcome, and I can still recall the headache I had, writing up Jupiter racing engine development in some detail, after I had interviewed Mr Grandfield . . . In the end it was paying off, and after the car had been lightened, and made to poke out 65 bhp, Jowett's were helped to a hat-trick of class victories at Le Mans, no less, the first success there by motoring journalists Wisdom and Wise, back in 1950. There were rally successes too, but alas the writing was on the wall for Jowett.

I drove my first Javelin in 1952 (a tuned example used for covering the RAC Rally for *Motor Sport*) over sheet-icy roads on which I had previously written-off my Morgan Plus-Four. I recall it as comfortable, well-braked, effortless, and really quick. The next year I sampled the Series III with the improved engine, cruising it at 70 mph and getting nearly 25 mpg. It was a suave car with light controls but eventually the exhaust gasket blew . . . I also covered many hundred of happy miles at around that time in the snug Jowett Jupiter.

Jowett's problem was that finances failed. Briggs Body presses could not wait forever for Jowett to use their full facilities at their prices and, with more bodies than they could absorb, in early 1954 the Idle premises were sold out to the International Harvester Company. The de luxe Javelin saloon and the promising R4 super-sports Jupiter never went into production, and not all that many Javelins had been made – about 30,000 in six years. All that is left today are memories and some nicely restored and cared-for cars, owned by members of the active Jowett Car Club. A tragically early end to a company which was different from the common run of motor manufacturers. It took trouble to try to get the best from its designs, as when a Jupiter was tested for 3,000 miles over which it averaged 46 mph overall at 31 mpg, or when for three weeks over the MIRA test-track a trio of Javelins and another of Jupiters were driven for 24 hours each day at an overall average speed of 60 mph. Jowett was a conscientious concern that quite simply left it a bit too late to get everything right.

This Jowett Javelin, owned by Neville Smith of Southampton, is called the 'Standard'. It is a rare 1953 model made for export. It differs from the other Javelins in that the wood trim used inside the car was replaced as it might fade in the hotter climes for which it was intended. This is claimed to be the best restored Javelin running in Britain.

'I've got a warning triangle in here somewhere, officer.'

Car-nal knowledge

Ladies today, despite their many talents, still don't know what goes on under the bonnet when the car breaks down. But, says cartoonist Brian Forbes, they don't need a manual if they're hot on performance

'I think your big end's gone, madam.'

'Excuse me, but you did say I needed a good fan belt, didn't you?'

'And what exactly is wrong with my hose connection?'

'Very resourceful, Miss, but we prefer the standard flasher system.'

'. . . A bump start, you said?'

'I'm sorry lady, but I can't do a thing until I've taken a closer look at your rockers . . .'

'Gosh, to think it took all of you to get my timing right.'

QUEST

The laboratory of human response

Volume Seventeen

What triggers sexual attraction? Recent television and press investigations have tried to answer the question. Quest talks to three women who found they were aroused by the sight of a man's chest

INTERVIEWS

(In the interviews that follow, all names have been changed, since interviewees are guaranteed absolute anonymity. The places of origin, where stated, are not necessarily the places where the interviewees are now resident.)

INTERVIEW - 1

CONFIDENTIAL PRIVATE SECRETARY, 42 years old, blonde, single, town of origin Manchester

This interviewee, a career secretary to the managing director of a large USM-listed company, has been engaged twice, but has never married. An intelligent woman, she has no steady relationship at present, and lives in her own house.

Quest: I find it hard to accept that you never married. You are a most attractive woman.

Secretary: I don't know, really. The simple answer is that I never found anyone I liked better than my job.

Quest: A career woman?

Secretary: Not intentionally. I didn't set out to be an old spinster, but as relationships come and go, more and more less frequently now, I've given more time to my work. I don't begrudge it at all. I still believe that that particular person I'm looking for is out there waiting for me.

Quest: What type of men are you most attracted to?

Secretary: Powerful ones.

Quest: Henry Kissinger or Geoff Capes?

Secretary: No, neither.

Quest: And what is it about a man that you find attractive?

Secretary: If I'm truthful, it would have to be a manly chest. It's not perhaps an obvious turn-on, because the instances of seeing a man bare-chested are not all that great, especially if you don't like swimming.

Quest: Have you ever been to bed with a man just because you were attracted to his chest?

Secretary: Only once. I don't go to bed with all that many men to be honest.

Quest: When did this happen?

Secretary: It was really very strange, thinking back, something almost Merlinian.

Quest: Merlinian?

Secretary: I think I've probably been reading too much Barbara Cartland, but magical, if you like. I was quite low when he came into my life, like something out of yesterday.

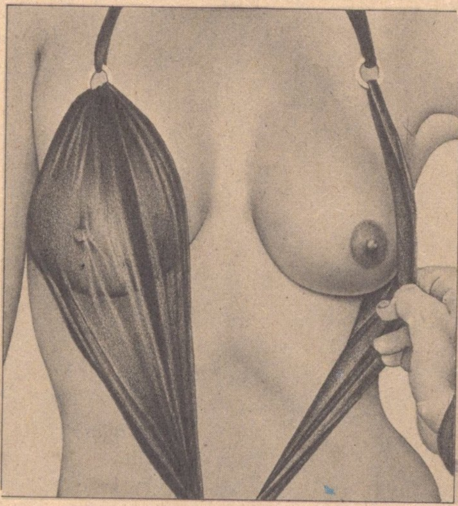
Quest: Out of yesterday? You've lost me.

Secretary: I am sorry. I'm not used to telling intimate secrets to someone. But many years ago when I was a young girl we used to live quite close to an army camp in Wales. It's where I first fell in love.

Quest: To a soldier?
Secretary: It was the late 1950s; 1959 it must have been, about August. I met him at a dance organised in the village.
Quest: In Wales, you said?
Secretary: Yes. Daddy moved us all there in 1954, I think it was. And this dance was the first he'd allowed me to go on . . . he knew what the lads were like.
Quest: And what were they like?
Secretary: He was fabulous. Gorgeous eyes, and strong. When he walked in I couldn't take my eyes off him. A real barrel of a man, quite slim from the waist down, but a chest that looked powerful.
Quest: Did you get to dance with him?
Secretary: Of course. I'm not, and never have been, a shrinking violet. I've always been aware of my own sexuality, if you know what I mean.
Quest: How did the relationship progress?
Secretary: It turned out that he was an instructor, a PE instructor, and he had that healthy glow to him, the red cheeks and nose, you get from working outside. We saw each other a few times after that, and I started going out with him on a steady relationship.
Quest: Did it include sex?
Secretary: No, not at first. It was different in those days, girls weren't as free as they are now.
Quest: You had no sexual satisfaction?
Secretary: That's not what I said. I had a load of satisfaction from being with him, the most enjoyable times were just the times when we were cuddling. On the couch at home when my parents were out. I'd snuggle against him, letting my hands roam over his chest, feeling it, and I'd lay my head on it, and feel so secure.
Quest: And when did you have sex?
Secretary: We had it a couple of times before he was posted overseas, far east. Singapore or somewhere. The sex wasn't good the first time, he was so pent up that he came very quickly, and I hadn't been placed in the right mood. Then just before he left, we had a more leisurely time when my parents were back in Manchester for a few days visiting my uncle in hospital. I remember seeing David naked for the first time, of hurrying home to find him waiting on the doorstep and running inside and upstairs. In the bedroom he undressed first, taking off the army shirt and singlet, and he was standing there in just his bottoms. His chest was so smooth. I wondered what it would be like to be a man, and have a smooth chest with no awkward breasts getting in the way all the time. The outline, the sleekness of it. The straight lines, no hair either, just that sheen you get with young skin, young powerful skin. I savoured every second of him, kissing him, and then moving down so I could kiss his chest, to feel him put his arms round me, and hold me close to him. I like the shape of men, I find it much more pleasing than a woman's shape.
Quest: And you had intercourse?
Secretary: I spent what seemed ages exploring him, but after a time I couldn't wait, I wanted to feel him inside me, so I could lick the perspiration from his chest as he made love to me. We did it on my bed, a ricketty old single, and it was the most vividly recallable experience from my limited sexual past. I remember him on top of me, raising himself up on his hands, but filling me with everything he had, and the pained expression of his face, and the little bobbles of perspiration in the middle of his chest being caught by the bedside light as my tongue licked at them.
Quest: And this other encounter, the time you went to bed with a man because you were attracted to his chest. When did that take place?

'He had a beautiful smooth chest, triangular in shape, strong, muscular, with broad shoulders and a thin waist'

Secretary: Only a few years ago.
Quest: And under what circumstances?
Secretary: He came into my life for precisely five weeks, three days, and then disappeared as quickly as he came in.
Quest: How?
Secretary: He was a labourer, a common labourer; he said he was Irish, but I believe that he may have been gipsy.
Quest: And he did some work for you?
Secretary: The house I was in at the time, the first I'd bought, was new, and on a site with about twenty or so more. My property was on the first phase to be sold, so building was still going on on site, and one day, after I'd been in the house for a couple of weeks Paddy, as he called himself, turned up in this beaten-up old car which looked as if it had all his goods in the back.
Quest: And how did you notice him?
Secretary: A few things needed attention in the house, and Paddy came to do the work. I'd noticed him earlier in the day, and had thought him an idiot.
Quest: Why?
Secretary: It was the middle of January, and there was snow on the ground, and Paddy was parading around in only a pair of jeans and shoes. How the man didn't die of exposure will be a mystery always. He had a constitution to match his arrogance. But he was beautiful to look at – slightly dark, stubbly unshaven, piercing eyes, and this beautiful smooth chest; strong muscular, triangular in shape, broad at the shoulders, and slim at the waist. He didn't have rippling muscles, but was just well-formed with that lovely pale young skin.
Quest: How old was he?
Secretary: I never knew. It became the one mad excapade in my life. Something I decided to do, and not accept no, if that be his answer. I discovered later that he worked the building sites all over the country, had all his belongings in the car, professed to have a wife and kids in Ireland, but shacked up with any gullible woman who'd have him.
Quest: And you were one of his gullible women?
Secretary: Yes. But those five weeks were the best of my life.
Quest: Sexually?
Secretary: Oh yes. When this figure knocked at the door, and I answered it, my heart leaped. I'd seen him around that morning, but when he came to see me, he had this shirt on, undone, but tucked into his jeans. We stood in the doorway just eyeing each other, and he must have sensed it, the chemistry, the attraction. I needed some doors eased, and woodwork repainting, so he was going to be there a while. He bought in the stand, do you call it a horse? to cut the doors on. I'd presumed he'd use an electric saw, but he did it by hand. He took off the shirt, and set to work. It was beautiful really watching him as he began, and as he got further into it, the beads of perspiration formed on that beautiful chest. I wanted to rub my hands over him, to feel him, to lay my head on him there and kiss him. I felt years younger suddenly. And then I made us coffee, and he came into the kitchen to have a break. I remember him walking in, and his chest heaving with all the exertion. As we were chatting it became obvious he wasn't exactly intelligent, but was nice enough and pleasant with it. He started asking me about myself, if I was married. I told him the truth, that I'd just moved in, and that I was having the week off to get a bit straight, and that I lived, and slept alone. 'Pity,' he said, 'a lovely woman like you.' I wasn't really paying attention, but it just registered. He was sounding me out. 'Do you stay round here?' I asked. He said that he mostly slept in the car, or sometimes someone put him up.
Quest: You mean a local widow took him in?
Secretary: Or spinster. I know what you are thinking, but it wasn't like that.
Quest: Then how was it?
Secretary: When he stood up I was only a few feet away from him; we'd developed some form of body language, and he moved towards me, and I realised I was only a few inches from his chest, not a hair to be seen. I wanted there and then to rub my boobs all over his chest, to press them to him. I looked up at him, and I could tell this moment might never happen again.
Quest: So you made love?
Secretary: Not there and then. But he did kiss me, and I responded, his mouth opened for my tongue, and I felt his forcing its way into my mouth. I could feel my heart start to beat faster, and I put my arms round him, onto his back, and then round the front of



him, letting my hands trace every contour, every dimple on his chest. I remember shuddering with excitement, and him holding me close to him. I was squeezing my thighs together, and could feel that I was already quite damp down there. We were upstairs in no time, and he was undressing me, lifting my blouse up, and undoing my bra. It felt lovely to have a man touch me there, and I fairly swooned when I felt his tongue touch my nipple. He began kissing me, and we sort of stumbled onto the bed, me pulling at his belt to get him out. When I did, and felt him so hot and hard I thought I'd die holding a man again. He was underneath, and as I've never been keen on oral sex, I began to rub him until he was stiff, and then I climbed over him, and holding him up, eased him into my vagina, and then lowered myself carefully onto its full length. The heat from him was beautiful, and as I began to move up and down on him, I had my hands out, feeling his beautiful chest. He made love to me for a good hour before coming, and gave me the first orgasm I'd had in years. He came back the next day, and the day after, and the day after that he moved in surreptitiously with me for the next four and a bit weeks, until he moved on to the next site. Goodness knows what sort of a woman I sound like, an old fisher woman or something, but unless I'd have done it think how that magic would have gone from my life.

Quest: Thank you very much.

INTERVIEW - 2

AEROBICS INSTRUCTRESS, 24 years old, blonde, town of origin Skegness

The interviewee left drama college at 21, and after several dancing jobs took up teaching aerobics. She now lives alone in a rented flat.

Quest: Your job must make you very aware of people's bodies?

Instructress: Yes, it does. If I'm honest, it's a man's body I look at first.

Quest: What are you looking for?

Instructress: Well, he doesn't have to be built like Charles Atlas, if that's what you imagine. But I do like a strong chest, nice and hairy, firm but not *too* muscular.

Quest: You seemed to stress the 'not too muscular' part of the description.

Instructress: Yes. working where I am you see a lot of the 'You too can have a body like mine' brigade. In my opinion they take it too far. Some of those body-builders are obsessed with themselves and their muscles. Take Jim for instance.

Quest: Jim?

Instructress: Yes, he's the man who runs the keep-fit course for men, next to mine.

Quest: And you don't fancy him?

Instructress: Not now.

Quest: You did once?

Instructress: Well, when you see a man with a bare chest bristling with brown springy hair, you do tend to give him a second look. Especially when he has a habit of picking you up in one arm, and saying 'Hi, doll, how's the prettiest dance teacher in town?'

Quest: Which he did?

Instructress: Yes. Not exactly subtle is it? But he came on so strong, I began to fall for it. So one day when he asked me for a drink after the class, I agreed. It was a mistake.

Quest: Why what happened?

Instructress: Well, he seemed to take everything for granted. I *must* fancy him because he had this muscle-bound body. I was the girl in the next class, I *must* want to go out with him. He was obsessed with himself. And although it was true, he did have a good body, and yes, I did fancy letting my fingers do the walking through that hair on his chest, I didn't like it being taken for granted.

> 'His chest felt lovely, as I had imagined it: as hard as iron, but sprinkled with a tangled mass of downy hair'

Quest: So your date didn't prove successful?

Instructress: Not from my point of view. He might think differently.

Quest: What happened?

Instructress: Well, we went to the nearby wine bar, and spent a very 'jolly' evening talking about him. How strong he was. How many press-ups he did. How lucky I was to be going out with him. I couldn't even get drunk, and fall asleep, I'd given up drinking the week before. Boy, was he testing my willpower! He kept putting my hand on his thigh as well, telling me to feel how firm it was. All I wanted was an excuse to run my hand along his chest. I thought I wasn't going to. He'd run out of anecdotes about how strong he was, so he said he'd drive me home. I was quite surprised. After all the heavy comeons, I thought he'd at least want me to sleep with him, but no. When we reached my house, I thought I must rescue something from the evening, so I leaned over to kiss him goodnight. And as I did so, I slid one hand inside his shirt. His chest was as I had imagined, as hard as iron, but sprinkled with a tangled mass of downy hair. I admit it felt lovely, even if it was a little too muscular for my taste. As I ran my hand along, and reached out to kiss him, he went wild. He grabbed me hard around the waist, and kissed me so forcefully I thought I'd burst. Suddenly his tongue was barging its way into my mouth. His hand held my head as his tongue probed deeper and deeper. When he finally broke off, I was panting from the sheer force of it. Then, to my amazement he undid the waistband of his tracksuit, and with pride pulled out a great, fat – well you know. . . . I almost started laughing.

Quest: What happened next?

Instructress: Before I had a chance to do anything, he took my hand and placed it on his thing. He pulled my hand along its length, obviously wanting me to stroke it. It didn't bother me, in fact it seemed rather pathetic. This huge, muscular man, almost pleading with me to do him by hand. So I did. After only a couple of strokes he came. I left him still sitting there with it sticking out.

Quest: So you left the men's class alone after that?

Instructress: Not exactly. But I certainly avoided Jim. Not that it was easy. He was only too keen to try again. But I'd spotted a chest I liked even more.

Quest: Whose was that?

Instructress: Derek's.

Quest: And what was it you found attractive in him?

Instructress: Bodily, in my opinion, he was perfect. It was obvious that he was fit and liked to keep in trim. Apparently he'd been a keen long distance runner when he'd been at school, and after giving up for a bit, he wanted to tone himself up again. So he had a muscular body without being too extreme, a bit like Clint Eastwood. But best of all, his chest was covered in lovely thick dark curls. Just looking at him made me go all silly. In fact, I couldn't help looking out for him every time I passed the gym window.

Quest: Did anything ever come of your attraction to him?

Instructress: I should say so. I went out with him for over a year.

Quest: Tell us how that happened.

Instructress: Basically, I chatted him up. One day during the break I just sat down next to him in the refectory, and started talking.

Quest: How did he react?

Instructress: He was stunned. I don't think he'd ever had a girl chat him up before. Certainly not one in a skimpy pink leotard. Eventually we got around to exchanging names, and he told me how he'd been cross country champion at school, but now got worn out running for a bus. It was a pleasant change to find somebody modest after Jim – even if I only heard half of what he was saying, I was so mesmerised by that hairy chest of his. Mind you, I wasn't the only one staring. My leotard was quite low cut at the front, and I was rather warm so what he couldn't see, he could certainly make out the shape of. Anyway, he told me that his wife had divorced him three years ago – he was 27 – and he'd been pretty depressed lately. I think that was another reason for wanting to get in trim. All in all, we seemed to be getting along very well so I decided to make a move. I suggested we went for a drink.

Quest: Did he agree?

Instructress: Readily. I think he was pleased that somebody else had made the move.

Quest: How did your evening out go?

Instructress: Very well. The only disappointment was that Derek was wearing a shirt and

tie, so I couldn't see the part of him that I fancied so much. He was luckier. I'd dressed up in one of my lowest cut dresses, so he could see quite a lot of my cleavage. One advantage of aerobics is that it keeps your boobs in good condition. Anyway, he was quite nervous, but once we had got over the formalities, conversation began to flow, and soon after so was the old body language. I could see that he fancied me, as much as I fancied him, and he enjoyed all the attention he was getting. I felt his hand straying onto my thigh, first above the dress, then slipping under the cotton onto my stocking. He had deep brown eyes, and I could feel myself almost sinking into them as he looked at me. I knew that we would end up in bed.

Quest: And you did?

Instructress: We went back to his house outside town, and didn't even bother with the formalities of making coffee. We stared deeply at one another for what seemed like hours before I felt his arms reach around me, and he kissed me hard. It wasn't urgent, but very tender. His lips were so soft. My mouth opened, and his tongue slid in gently. My hands knew exactly where they were going. I reached up, and started to undo his tie, then eagerly began to unbutton his shirt. Gradually it appeared, that mass of springy black hair. I ran my fingernails through it, teasing it as I did so. He was obviously enjoying it – we were so close I could feel just how excited he was. I was feeling pretty hot too. Feeling that firm chest was getting me quite damp. Then his hands ran up my waist to my breasts. He cupped them through the dress, and I knew what would happen next. Sure enough I felt the zip at the back of my dress being pulled down, and my bra being unclipped. Obviously, I'm not the only one who likes chests, I thought.

Quest: Go on.

Instructress: I stepped out of my dress so that I was standing in just my pale blue panties and stockings. He held my breasts, and started kissing and licking them. That really inspired me. How nice it would be to bury my face in that chest of his, nibbling and kissing it. I'd undone his shirt completely by then, and started doing just that. It was lovely. Then I felt his fingers inching inside my panties. Within seconds he'd pulled them down to reveal a little moist patch that was aching for attention. He didn't waste any time, nor did I. As he ran his fingers through my pubes, I began to unzip him. I could feel myself building up. There was no time to undress him any more. I held his cock for a second, but he too was aching, I could tell, so as we slid onto the floor, I let him guide it into me. I gasped as it slid in first time, and started biting his chest quite hard. His hands slid under my bottom, clasping my cheeks as he began to move. Slowly he slid into me. My hands explored faster and faster. He had that lovely dark hair everywhere. It was so soft. His whole body moved beautifully as he began his stroke, his chest barely touching mine as he began to move faster. I felt myself about to come. With his chest clasped firmly to me I felt myself go. I shut my eyes, and a whole series of wonderful thoughts went through my brain. I felt him come at the same time. I was delirious with pleasure.

Quest: And that was the start of a successful relationship?

Instructress: Yes. I still love that hairy chest of his, and am always on at him to show it off more.

Quest: Thank you.

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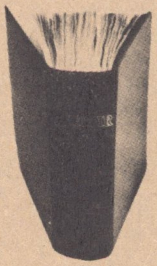

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INTERVIEW - 3

HOUSEWIFE, 34 years old, blonde, town of origin Milton Keynes

This interviewee, slim and petite, worked as a secretary before marrying at the age of 22.

Quest: Have you always been faithful to your husband?

Housewife: Yes. Well, there was one slip a couple of years back. But just one quick fling in 12 years of marriage doesn't make me a scarlet woman does it? But apart from that thing with Paul I have always been a good wife to Bob.

Quest: Paul was the nineteen-year-old you told us about?

Housewife: Yes.

Quest: What caused you suddenly to have an affair with a teenager more than ten years younger than yourself after so many years of marriage?

Housewife: I wouldn't call a one-off thing an affair. I only saw him that once. And to answer your point about the age thing, Paul wasn't worried so why should I.

Quest: So why did it happen?

Housewife: A combination of things, I suppose. For a start Bob and I weren't hitting it off too well at the time. Not that we were rowing, or anything, but we were bored with each other to tell the truth. He was more interested in playing darts at the pub.

Quest: So what was it about Paul that tempted you to be unfaithful?

Housewife: If I told you what I noticed about him first you'll think I'm daft.

Quest: Try us.

Housewife: OK, it was his chest. Bob is fairly muscular with a thick hairy chest. I suppose he is a bit overweight to be honest. But when I saw Paul the first thing I noticed was his chest. It was a bit on the weedy side, really. Well, not exactly weedy, but slim and not fully developed.

Quest: And you find this type of male figure attractive?

Housewife: Not always, but the circumstances of me meeting Paul brought back some vivid memories. I've gone over the whole business in my mind thousands of times, and if I want to be brutally honest I must say that although I didn't realise it at the time I was trying to recapture my youth. But there were other reasons as well. I was flattered to be chatted up by a teenager, and after Bob, Paul's body was such a contrast. I wanted to cuddle him, put my arms round that slim chest.

Quest: How did you meet Paul?

Housewife: At the local swimming baths. I go every Thursday afternoon with a couple of girls I know. I was walking along the side of the pool when there was a big splash. Someone had jumped in and soaked me. I was hopping mad, and he could see I was so he climbed out to apologise.

Quest: And he asked you out, just like that?

Housewife: No. He apologised for splashing me, and we got chatting about this and that. It turned out he was on holiday from university and came to the pool because he was bored. I suppose he was chatting me up, but as I said I was flattered to have such a young good-looking guy chatting me. And he did remind me of a guy I used to know called Simon.

Quest: Who was Simon?

Housewife: He was my first real boyfriend. We went out together for two years when I was about 18, and for that time we were very close. Paul had the same build as Simon, and the same dark colouring. Seeing him standing there all wet in his swimming trunks reminded me of a wonderful afternoon Simon and I spent swimming at a lake in France while on a camping holiday.

Quest: What happened to make it so special?

Housewife: Nothing in particular. It was just one of those magic days when everything seems perfect – the weather, the surroundings, the company.

Quest: Did you make love on that particular occasion?

Housewife: And how. Looking back at it, it stands out as the most memorable lovemaking session I've ever experienced.

Quest: Please tell us about it.

Housewife: Well, it was a hot summer's afternoon, and there were just the two of us, Simon and myself, on our side of the lake. We'd had a picnic lunch with some wine, and were both a bit mellow. I had my bikini on, and was just lying back in the sun. Suddenly there was a splash, and I saw that Simon had dived in to cool off. I lay back and dozed for

a while, then a shadow fell across me. I looked up, and Simon was standing there dripping wet and absolutely starkers. He'd slipped off his swimmers, and was standing there. He looked so slim and young.

Quest: How did you react?

Housewife: I began to feel tingly all over, the way I usually do when I'm beginning to get randy. We'd made love plenty of times before, but never in the open air, and I sensed that this was going to be different, somehow, special.

Quest: And was it?

Housewife: Yes. Oh yes. Simon didn't say anything. He knelt down at my feet and began to kiss them and nibble my toes. I love my feet being tickled, and that got me quite excited. I felt myself getting damp down there. Then he gradually kissed and licked his way up my legs to my thighs, nibbling and nuzzling me. From my thighs he went on to my stomach, licking my belly button and moving his mouth higher and higher.

Quest: Did he say anything?

Housewife: Nothing. He just kept working his way up to my neck, kissing it and licking me, just using his tongue. But all this time he'd been careful to avoid my bikini, and I was just dying for him to start on the more sensitive areas. By now I was feeling very wet, and the sight of that hard cock made me want him.

Quest: Did he take off your bikini?

Housewife: Yes. He knelt beside me, undid the front fastening, pulled it off and began to gently suck my nipples in turn, nibbling and nipping, working me up into a frenzy I wanted him so badly. I reached out and grabbed him as he licked my boobs, feeling his hardness and gently rolling the foreskin backwards and forwards. I couldn't hold out much longer, and from the way I was playing with Simon, I knew he couldn't either. He pulled at the side bows holding my bikini bottom together, leaving me completely nude. There was nobody around so I wasn't worried about being seen. Anyway, then he began to kiss my pussy, running his tongue up and down the cleft and slipping it gently into me.

Quest: Did you have actual sexual intercourse?

Housewife: Oh yes. Simon could tell I was ready from my panting, and my wetness. I had worked him up to fever pitch with my hand, so he just positioned himself between my legs, slipped into me, and began to move in and out. It didn't take long to send me over the top, and as I gave myself up to those wonderful feelings I felt him spurting into me. And that was the most wonderful sex episode I have ever experienced, and certainly the most intense orgasm.

Quest: So all that was brought back to you while you were chatting with Paul?

Housewife: Yes. Not detail by detail. But I remembered how I felt that day with Simon. Seeing Paul standing there with his slim undeveloped chest, all dripping wet reminded me of that afternoon.

Quest: So really it made you more susceptible to Paul's chat, did it?

Housewife: Yes, I suppose it did. After a few minutes talking to him I realised he was chatting me up. But I was enjoying it. The

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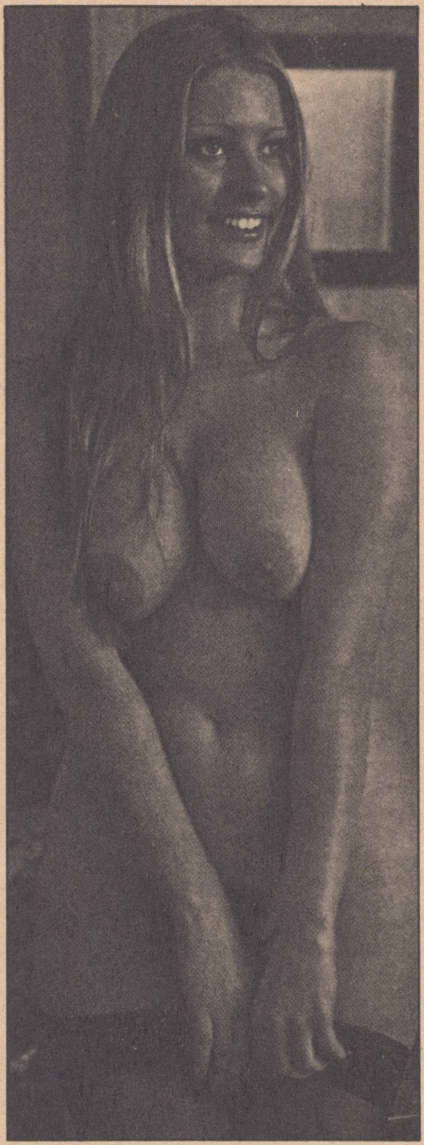

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combination of flattery and nostalgia was getting the better of me. And I could see my friends out of the corner of my eye egging me on.

Quest: They wanted you to get together with Paul?

Housewife: Yes. They both took the occasional lover themselves, and had been suggesting it to me. But I'd always said no. Up to then, anyway.

Quest: At what stage did you decide you were going to take Paul to bed?

Housewife: I know I'm going to sound like a terrible woman, but it really did happen like this. He asked me if he could see me again for a drink or something. So I just heard myself saying, why don't you come home with me for a coffee now. I could hardly believe I was saying it. But at the same time I knew I wanted him. I wanted to hold that young body and feel him inside me.

Quest: How did Paul react?

Housewife: He seemed as surprised as I was at first, but quickly agreed. We arranged to meet in the car park, and all the time I was changing I felt sort of numb. I didn't dare let myself think about what I was doing or I might have changed my mind.

Quest: But you didn't?

Housewife: No. I felt that old sexual tingle when I walked into the car park and saw Paul standing there nervously. I hadn't felt that in years, and I knew then for definite that we were going to end up in bed together.

Quest: So you took him home?

Housewife: Yes. We walked into the living room, and I was just about to offer Paul a drink when he pulled me into his arms and kissed me.

Quest: How did you react?

Housewife: I was surprised. I know that's why I'd taken him home. But it was sort of unexpected. But it excited me as well. To feel a strange handsome young man kissing me passionately was a novel experience after years of marriage. I put my arms around him and kissed him back, and that's when I began to get really excited.

Quest: Why was that?

Housewife: When I closed my eyes, held him and kissed him it felt like I was kissing Simon. He had the same slim chest and figure as I said earlier. I knew it wasn't Simon, but it felt like him. By now Paul's hands were all over my bottom as he kissed me. I could feel his hardness pushing against me through his trousers, and I knew he wanted me.

Quest: Did you make love in the living room?

Housewife: No. I told him if we were going to go any further we should go to the bedroom, so we went upstairs. In the bedroom he pulled of his T-shirt, and while he was undoing his jeans, I stroked his chest, feeling the smooth skin and leanness of him. When he pulled of his jeans I could see he was stiff as a poker. I pulled his pants down and he was standing there naked in front of me.

Quest: Did you get him to excite you the way Simon had done?

Housewife: No. I didn't want to try to recreate that magic moment. The memory was enough to make me feel damp down there. Paul soon had my jumper off, and my jeans soon followed. My boobs are small and firm with rather prominent nipples, and when he bent his head and took one in his mouth he soon had me more than ready for him. I was pulling him and rubbing the end with my thumb. He pushed me back onto the bed, and just ripped off my knickers. Almost roughly he pushed my knees apart, positioned himself between them, and slid his full length into me. It had been so long that he didn't take long to get me yelling uncontrollably, and then he let himself go with shuddering gushes and a few final hard thrusts. It was all over very quickly, but totally satisfying.

Quest: Thank you.

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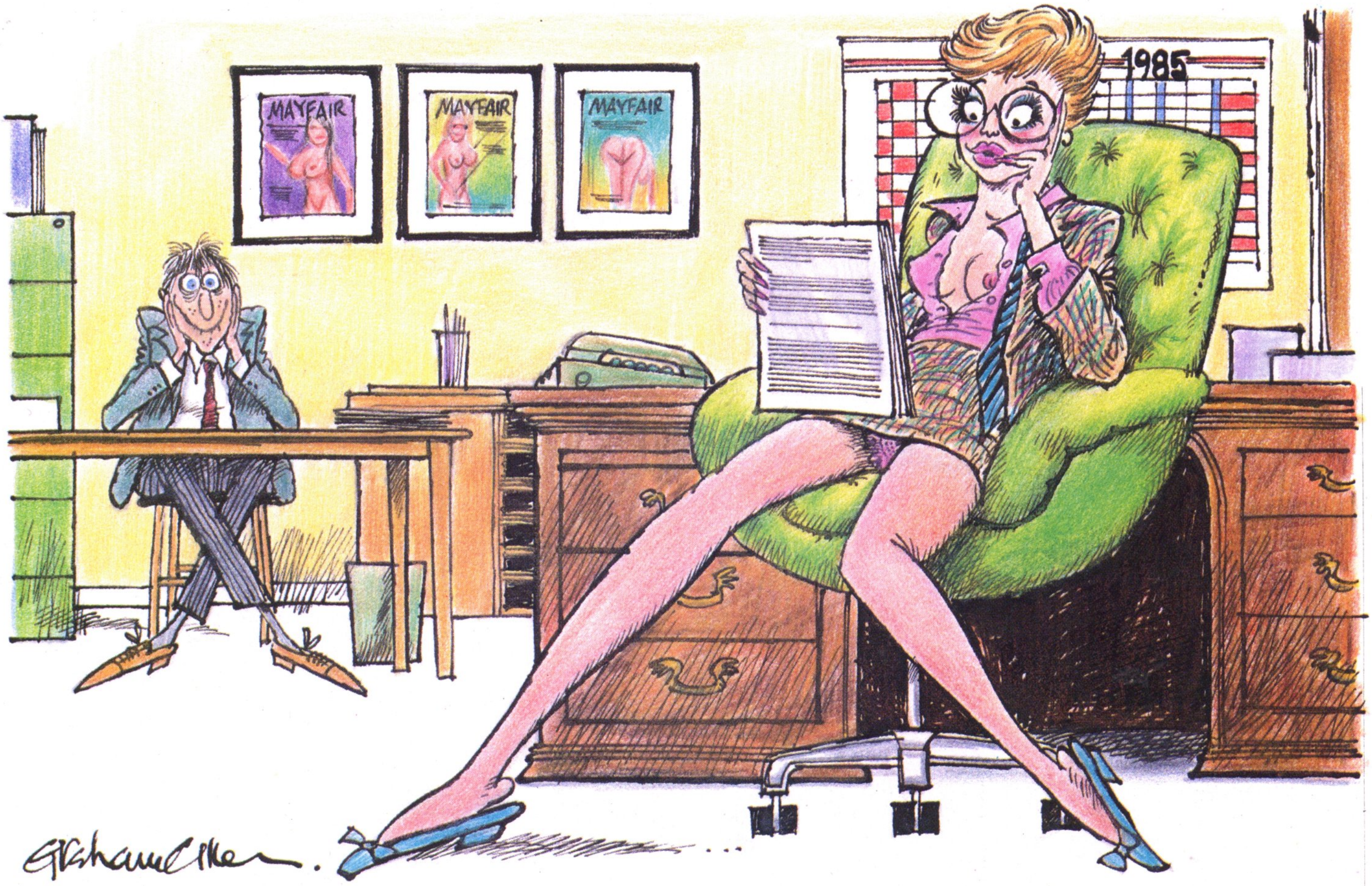

What fate awaits my precious article?

Contributors must often wonder what we really think of their work. One writer speculates

by A H MacMillan

Dear Editor,

Enclosed please find an article which is intended to amuse, and which I hope you will find worthy of publication and reward. Should it fail to meet your stringent criteria for publication, would it help if I explained my intentions? Perhaps not. But how can I tell? I am sure all your would-be contributors agree with me that we have no concept of what awaits our precious brainchildren when they are delivered to your door – if indeed the indifferent postman can be prevailed upon to complete the contract I have entered into with the Post Office at the cost of a 20p stamp.

The reception likely to be enjoyed by my humble effort on its arrival at your offices triggered my imagination, scattering neurons like birdshit. A number of possible scenarios appeared – bearing in mind that I can only judge the splendour of your organisation by the glossy image of your publication.

In the first of these scenarios, I see your office boy delivering the slim envelope to the desk of a sub-editor whose huge tinted spectacles at £180 plus VAT cannot disguise her breathtaking beauty.

This statuesque stunner is probably named Penelope, Fiona or Amanda. Immaculately dressed in a severe, slightly masculine Dior ensemble at 300 guineas, and Gucci shoes at 80 notes, Penelope (or Fi, as she is better known) resides in a 'perfectly sweet' converted jute warehouse in Billingsgate, purchased by Daddy as a tax dodge, but spends her weekends at Mumsy's place in the country, or at exalted house parties, attended by eminently suitable 'something in the City' Henrys.

During the week she frequents hash-smoking, coke-snorting orgies in Belgravia and Chelsea (or even Woking for that matter) in the company of her strapping, flamboyant and sexually-athletic West Indian boyfriend, whose burgeoning business interests on the periphery of the metropolitan criminal fringe are exclusively sleazy, and whom she has not yet introduced to Mumsy or Daddy.

Taking the laboriously typed sheets from the envelope thoughtfully unzipped by the lovelorn junior whom she ignores, this bewitching vision glides gracefully to her comfortable executive chair, lowers herself elegantly, and crosses her endlessly divine legs to the faint rustle of silken, pre-liquidation Janet Reger cami-knickers. Next, her keen M A, Litt (Hons), Oxbridge-honed mind erases the memory of the previous night's excesses with routine ease, whilst she unconsciously adjusts her suspender belt (for Fiona, or Mandy as she is called, would not been seen dead in tights). Only then does she bring her razor-sharp intellect to bear on the enclosed drivel.

Scanning each line quickly and accurately, her scarlet lips begin to purse in disappointment; next, the merest suggestion of a derisory sneer threatens to mar her perfect features. At last she finishes, and with a deft and practised flick of her slim wrist, fires the lot into the gaping maw of the office shredder.

The second scenario is slightly more optimistic, but not much:- This time, she takes the stuff from the envelope, and reads as she swivels back and forth across the office, as if running on sealed bearings, pausing only momentarily on each traverse to absentmindedly fondle the dribbling youth's crotch. With each completed line of riveting prose, her sublime features brighten; her inviting mouth starts to quiver, her lustrous orbs crinkle at the corners, the Roedean equivalent of a titter escapes her sensuous lips, followed, two lengths behind, by an unrestrained chortle. Mere seconds later, she is lying on the floor, twitching and writhing with uncontrollable hysterical laughter, her clothing in disarray, exposed alabastrine breasts heaving.

Meanwhile, the slobbering youth, seeing

immediately in her helpless condition an unparalleled opportunity to realise and consummate his most cherished and ambitious dream, slips her one.

Sometime later, slowly recovering her composure, and barely aware of the outrage perpetrated by the stripling, now lying slumped and glazed in a corner, she ponders on the spectacular awfulness of this meretricious bilge, so incomparably dreadful. How could anyone hope to see rubbish like this in print, the very idea is hilarious, funniest thing in years, one could die laughing. Then, with a deft and practised flick of her slim wrist, she fires the lot into the gaping maw of the office shredder.

Knowing my luck, though, the article is much more likely to end up in the hands of some drunken, burned-out hack, bulleted from every office in Fleet St bar yours, and now under constant surveillance, his latest habit of pressing grubby mint imperials on young girls whilst rubbing up against them, leering, having attracted official attention.

Now, in his first truly lucid moment in decades, he will realise the true worth of the enclosed mighty work, secrete it furtively behind the half-bottle in his inside pocket, discard the imperials and, tightening the orange twine about his glazed mack, shuffle off to his noisome bedsit. Aware that this tide in his affairs will assuredly lead on to fortune, he will join Alcoholics Anonymous as a temporary member, purchase a gross of cheap biros, churn out a book, a play, a musical and a film script, all based on my article, make vast amounts of money, appear on Wogan, and move in with the svelte Amanda (or, as she prefers, Penny).

Such are the fickle ways of women; seven paragraphs ago I was in love – now I've gone right off Fienelope, the jade.

Another, though even less probable, possibility:- everyone who reads the stuff will fall about, comparing it favourably to Leacock, Thurber, even to the great P G Wodehouse. After establishing that I'm not on the phone, which a heavy from British Telecom ripped out prior to litigation, the Mayfair Executive Jet will be dispatched to bring me to an exalted Boardroom Lunch at which I will be offered a lucrative contract, and commissioned to write divers articles.

On leaving the office with a substantial advance cheque, I will be attacked by Leroy (for such is Amandiona's ex-boyfriend's name) who blames me for his, Leroy's, brush-off by the fair Penanda. Wrenching my arm from its socket with the facility born of repeated experience, he will then, in broad daylight, pound me to death with the wet end.

On reflection, I think I'll miss the lunch, and stay here in the remote fastnesses of Argyll. When I read articles like this I realise what an appalling den of iniquity London is, where law-abiding citizens, putative humourists even, are liable to be murdered in thronged streets by spurned, drug-crazed darkies, or groped in the privates by ravishing and promiscuous journalists, or, worst of all, have their sensitive eardrums assailed by whingeing, nasal, Home Counties twangs.

Don't make me an offer. I'd rather have the rejection slip.

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Gentlemen, that reminds me...

A round-up of after-dinner jokes

ILLUSTRATIONS BY RONALD COBB

Diana lay back with a long drawn out sigh, allowing the muscles of her long shapely legs to relax. For an hour or more she had put him off, resisting desperately all the time, but secretly hoping he would ignore her protests, and relieve her torment. She knew that he was experienced and thought nothing of it, but this was her first time. He had been very patient with her, reassuring her over and over again. She knew that only he could give her the relief she craved – relief from that awful ache that had her tossing and turning in her bed at night.
His expert hands moved immediately to the spot, warm and moist, quivering with anticipation. When she opened her eyes, and saw for the first time what he was holding in his hand, her knees shot high with fear. He was as gentle as he had promised, and she opened wide to give him more room, her muscles relaxing all the time. Suddenly thrills began to run up and down her spine, but it seemed as though he was drawing out.
'No, please don't take it out,' she cried. 'Not yet, I couldn't stand it.'
He carried on for what seemed like days to her but in reality was only a few minutes. She lay back, then tensed as he whispered. 'It's coming, it's coming.' Then came the climax, and she relaxed, her body going limp in a series of convulsions.
'Now that wasn't so bad, was it?' he said quietly. 'And if that tooth gives you any more trouble come and see me again.' With that the dentist put his instruments away . . .

One divorced reader defines alimony as the bounty after the mutiny.

Have you heard about the gangster who was half-Sicilian and half-Irish?
He made himself an offer he couldn't understand.

Why do crabs have circles under their eyes?
Through sleeping in snatches.

A singer arrived at a cabaret club, and asked the doorman whom he should see about obtaining a booking.
'You want the concert secretary,' the doorman replied. 'He's down that corridor, third on the left. Just one thing, though, you're not a hypnotist are you?'
'No,' said the singer, slightly puzzled, and made his way to the concert secretary's office. He went in.
'Excuse me,' the singer asked, 'would you be interested in booking me?'
'You're not a bloody hypnotist are you?' demanded the concert secretary irritably.
'No, I'm not,' replied the singer, and listed the places he had appeared at, singing some of the all-time greats.
'That's alright then,' the secretary said. 'I'll give you an audition. Go and see the pianist to arrange your music.'
Quite pleased, the singer went to the pianist to discuss his act.
'I hope you don't do a novelty act as well,' commented the pianist sourly. 'Hypnotism, for instance.'
'No, I do not,' replied the singer a little annoyed. 'Why does everyone keep asking me if I'm a hypnotist? I've never done anything like that.'
'Well, you see we had a hypnotist in last Saturday,' said the pianist, 'and credit where it's due, he was very good. So good in fact that he put 500 members of the audience in a trance . . .'
'That's incredible,' said the singer.
'The only problem was that halfway through his act, the hypnotist tripped over the mike stand, and shouted "Oh shit!". The cleaners have been on overtime all week.'

How can you spot a true feminist?
She rolls her own tampons.

A man walked into a Do-it-Yourself shop.
'Excuse me,' he said to the assistant, 'do you have that wallpaper you can put up yourself?'
'Yes, sir,' replied the assitant. 'But it looks a lot better on the walls.'

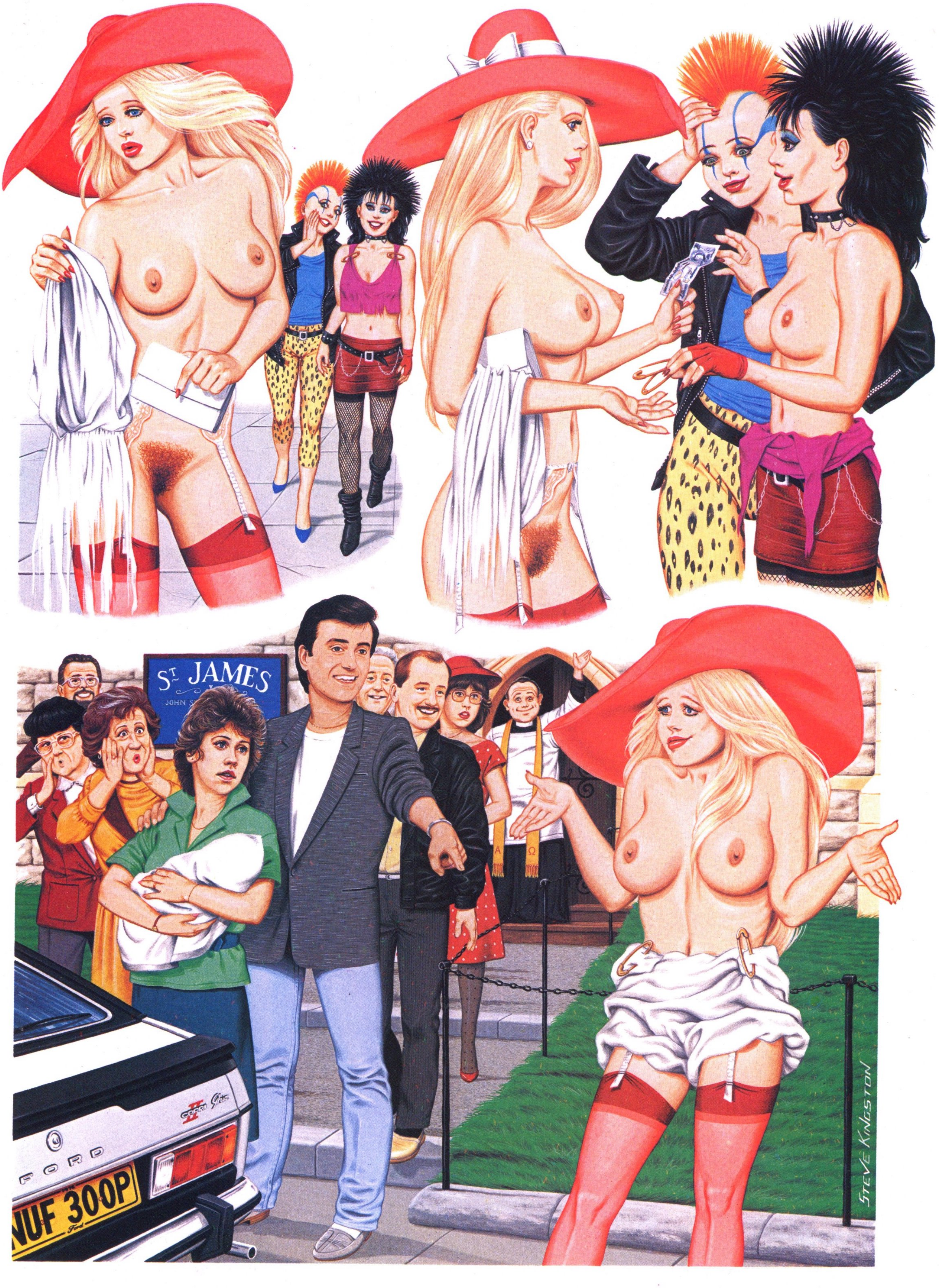
One of Reagan's aides rushed into the Oval office, and demanded to see the President.
'Mr President,' he gasped. 'I've got some good news and some bad news.'
'Okay, give me the bad news first . . .' the President replied.
'Sir, the Martians have landed in South Carolina.'
'My God! What's the good news?' the President demanded.
'They hate the Russians and piss oil.'

The tale of Miss Muffet belied her.
The truth is it wasn't a spider.
And what she was eating
Should not bear repeating,
Nor what it was came up inside her.

Share your after-dinner anecdotes. Send them to 'Jokes', Mayfair magazine, 95a Chancery Lane, London WC2A 1DZ. There are free subscriptions for readers whose jokes are selected, and £10 will be paid for each limerick. We no longer acknowledge receipt of jokes. Individual subscription winners are notified by letter as to when their subscription starts. In the event of duplication among those jokes submitted, the Editor's decision on the awarding of a subscription is final.

CARRIE

What a holy mess when Carrie goes to a christening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